

COMFORT

THE KEY TO A MILLION
AND A QUARTER HOMES



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COMFORT

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A Million and a Quarter Homes.

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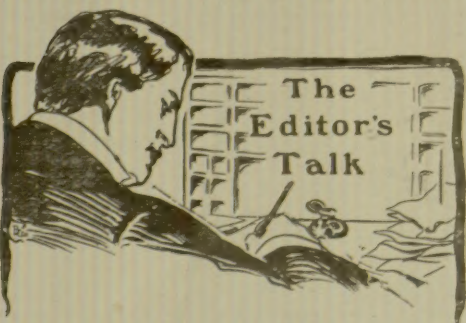
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CONTENTS

	PAGE.
EDITOR'S TALK	2
TOLD AROUND THE STOVE	2
STORIES ABOUT MEN & WOMEN	3
LESSONS IN CRAYON DRAWING. <i>Henry Hale Snyder</i>	3
THE HEART OF LOVE (continued). <i>Charles Garvice</i>	4 & 14
THE DOG & THE DAGGER. <i>Crittenden Marriott</i> (complete story)	5
IN & AROUND THE HOME. <i>Fancy Work. COMFORT Sisters' Corner, etc.</i>	6 & 7
JACK HARKAWAY (continued). <i>Bracebridge Henry</i>	8 & 9
THE ARROW OF FATE. (concluded). <i>Elliot Walker</i>	10
USEFUL THINGS FOR BOYS TO MAKE. <i>John L. Dougherty</i>	10
HINTS FOR CHURCH PARTIES. <i>Lilla A. Whitney</i>	10
CHILDREN'S PAGE	11 & 15
SOME SOCIABLE SUGGESTIONS. <i>Edna M. Sateren</i>	12
FUN & PHILOSOPHY	12
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN. <i>Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur</i>	13
TALKS WITH GIRLS	16
MANNERS & LOOKS	17
COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER	18
INFORMATION BUREAU	19
THE FAMILY DOCTOR	20
AMONG THE FLOWERS. <i>Eben E. Rexford</i>	21
HOME FINDER	23



EVERY girl knows, of course, that this is "leap year," but probably few who are now eligible to make use of the leap year privilege are aware that in two countries at least, and more than six hundred years ago, laws were passed which gave women the right of proposing marriage. These enactments went even further than this. They also stipulated that if the man whose hand they sought should refuse, he should incur a heavy fine. Such an act of the Scottish Parliament was passed in the year 1288, and a year or two later a law almost similar was passed in France, and received the approval of the King. It is said that before Columbus sailed on his famous voyage to the westward a similar privilege was granted to the maidens of Genoa and Florence. There is no record extant of any fines imposed under the conditions of the Scotch law, and no trace of statistics regarding the number of spinsters who took advantage of it or of the similar regulations in France, but the custom seems to have taken hold upon the popular mind about that time. The next mention of it is dated nearly four hundred years later, and it is a curious little treatise called "Love, Courtship and Matrimony," which was published in London in 1606. In this quaint work the "privilege" is most plainly alluded to. Up to within a century ago it was one of the unwritten laws of leap year that, if a man should decline a proposal, he should soften the disappointment which his answer would bring about by the presentation of a silk dress to the unsuccessful suitor for his hand. A curious leap year superstition is still to be met with in some parts of New England, and that is that leap year the "beans grow on the wrong side of the pod."

Mrs. Inebald, the authoress, when she was in trouble in her teens, and was advised to take a husband, said, sobbing through her tears, "Yes, but who'll have me?"

"Well, I will, if you'll take me," said the adviser.

"Yes, sir, and very much obliged to you," answered she. This instance is remarkable as being the only one on record where a lady thanked a man she took. Of course she is bound to thank him for his offer if she refuses.

We could give many other instances where the fair sex during leap year gave overbushful lovers the desired hint and opportunity. There was, for instance, the case of the girl who presided over the refreshment counter at a large railroad depot. She was a good looking girl, but had red hair. A man waiting for a train said to her: "Could you oblige me with a match?" She replied, looking significantly, "Yes, if you do not object to a red-headed one." They are, thanks to her wit, very happy.

Another young lady being asked by a rich bachelor, since the year 1904 came in: "If not yourself, who would you rather be?" replied: "Yours truly." She got him.

At a leap year party in Atlanta, Ga., recently, the young ladies showed their manliness by having the following mottoes in conspicuous places: "We mean business," "Now is the time," "Now is our chance," "Waiting is tedious."

So, in closing, let us quote from the little treatise we have referred to: "As often as every leap year doth return, the ladies have the sole privilege during the time it continueth of making love either by word or looks, as to them it seemeth proper, and, moreover, no man will be entitled to benefit of clergy who doth in any wise treat her proposal with slight or contumely."

The McKinley National Memorial

As our readers are probably aware, it is against our rules to print anything in our columns in the way of requests for subscriptions no matter how worthy the object may be, but as there is no rule without its exception we now make an exception in favor of the McKinley National Memorial Association. The Trustees of this Association (the Executive Committee of which is composed of such well-known public men as William R. Day, H. C. Payne, Geo. B. Cortelyou, M. A. Hanna, Chas. W. Fairbanks, and Wm. A. Lynch) have been successful beyond expectation in their efforts to raise a fund with which to erect a suitable memorial to our late martyred President William McKinley over his grave in Canton, Ohio; but a further sum of about fifty thousand dollars is still required in order to provide perpetually for the care and maintenance of the monument and its surroundings. The Committee look upon the creation of this fund to endow the memorial as being only second in importance to the construction of the monument itself, as it will do away with the necessity of charging an admission fee to visitors as is done in many cases. The Association issues to every one who contributes one dollar or more a beautiful souvenir certificate, measuring ten by twelve inches, and designed and engraved by the famous New York house of Tiffany. The certificate bears the name of the contributor, and acknowledges his or her subscription, and is well worth framing and preserving. The Treasurer of the fund is the Governor of Ohio, and subscriptions should be addressed to him as follows: Hon. Myron T. Herrick, Governor of Ohio, Columbus, Ohio. All contributions sent to Governor Herrick will be acknowledged by the sending of the souvenir certificates. We have pleasure in giving our unqualified endorsement and recommendation to this fund and to the Memorial Association, composed as it is of some of the foremost citizens of the country, and we have no doubt that all of our readers who can spare one dollar will send it in to Governor Herrick as their contribution to the memory of one who will long be remembered in the hearts of the people over whom he presided, and whose life was sacrificed while serving their interests.

Lessons on the Cornet

Those of our readers who were interested in the articles on "The Knack of Singing" (and thousands expressed their regret that the series came to an end) will be interested to learn that we are to have further articles from Mr. Harvey Sutherland's pen. He has just completed two articles especially written for COMFORT on "The Knack of Corneting." Mr. Sutherland is an expert player of the cornet, and his lessons on the art of playing this instrument we feel sure will prove as popular as his singing lessons. The first lesson will probably appear in the next issue of COMFORT.

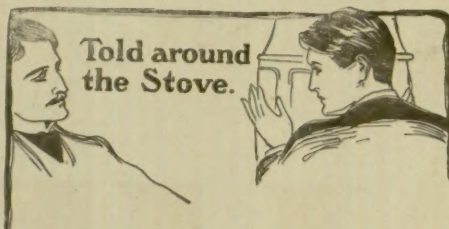
Uncle Charlie's Society

Judging by the way the applications for membership in the COMFORT Children's Society are coming in we fully expect that the extra work thrust upon that popular member of our staff, Uncle Charlie, will result in his asking for either a month's vacation or a raise in his salary. At the time we write this his roll-top desk is so crowded with letters that he can't get the cover down, there is a sack of letters in his chair and there are more sacks of letters taking up every inch of floor space in his office, and he is now trying to induce the Editor to buy him a hammock so that he can swing himself up above the pile of sacks and get to work opening the letters. He has ordered his meals to be sent in to him from the next door and he doesn't expect to go home again inside the next two months. Those who are now joining the society of course understand that the buttons and membership cards cannot be got out until the name of the society has been decided upon, so they must not get anxious about their non-receipt.

Our Latest Offer

We would call every reader's attention to our remarkable offer on page 22. We want every subscriber to COMFORT to get us a new subscriber. As you know, the more subscribers we have the more improvements we can make in the paper. But we do not want you to do this for nothing. We will give you a present of a bound novel for every subscription sent in. As every subscription means a book we know of no better way to form a library than this.

The Editor



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Refused Millions

"Did you ever see a man that refused to take ten million dollars when it was right at his hand?" inquired a pious looking party from Philadelphia. "You don't believe there ever was that kind of a man on earth, do you? Well, there is, and I can give you his address if you want it. I was out in Idaho about six weeks ago, and met him there. He lives not far from Wallace, and his name is Thomas Day. He's a rough looking chap, too, of about fifty-five, and is a miner from Mineville. He owns the Hercules mine and works it like a day laborer. He relocated the mine some years ago and with his two boys worked it, but got so little out of it that they had to do day labor in other mines to keep from starving. But they had faith in their hole and they would not give it up. Nobody would help them, but they were not to be scared off, and still kept tunneling into the mountain. Then a grocer man in Wallace let them have three hundred dollars' worth of provisions for an eighth interest, and they braced up and dug away livelier than ever. All at once they struck it, and struck it so rich that the grocer was offered a million and a half for his interest, and Tom Day was offered ten millions in cold cash for his mine. But he refused it. He said he had never had a thousand dollars in his life, and ten millions would drive him plumb crazy. So he and his boys and wife live along as they have always lived, except in better homes and with more comforts, but no style whatever, and just as plain as their neighbors who have not been so lucky. Ten millions in cold cash if he wants it and he doesn't want the trouble of it! Think of that will you? Is there another man like him? I know one who isn't, you bet. And the man who abandoned the mine and let Day take it, is a day laborer in Spokane. I don't know, but if I was Day, I think I would give that fellow a nice comfortable home on Easy street."

A Remarkable Hen

"By crackey," remarked a chin whiskered chap from down Skowhegan way, "about the funniest dern thing I ever see was a hen that mother had when I was a boy. She was good stock and mother prided herself on the hen and laid a heap of store by her laying and the young chickens she raised. The spring that I worked on the place before going off to the academy, was a warm one, and hens begun laying early. Mother's pet was doing her duty, until one day she disappeared, and that was the end of her. At least that's what we all thought, for we couldn't find her, look where we would. There had been a tramp along the day before the hen was lost, and we guessed he knew where she was."

"About a month after the hen had shook us, I was out to an old barn that was not used and I heard a noise inside and went looking for it. Sounded like a hen and I thought maybe I'd get a nestful of eggs, unexpected like. I didn't, but down in a kind of an old harness-room, with a window in it so's I could see around, by crackey, if I didn't find mother's hen, just as lively as a cricket, but kind of scared of me. Been there six weeks, if she'd been there a day, and there wasn't enough chicken feed in there to load a canary. Over in the corner, though, was an old saddle blanket and the hen had nested there, and there was three eggs. Well, I was that knocked over I set right down and looked at the hen. She'd got in there looking for a nest and the wind had blown the door to, and there she'd staid. But what had she been living on? That was what puzzled me. So I made up my mind to study henology a bit, and I left her there and come back in the evening about dusk. There was only two eggs in the nest, and not a hole anywhere for a rat to get in, even if there'd been any around, and I noticed something yellor on the hen's bill. Then I had the sum worked out. Plain as anything, too. Darned hen had been furnishing her own board, and drinking out of an old trough that the rain kept full, for the place wasn't water-proof. I worked it out that she had laid mebbe two eggs, first off, for she would lay a couple in a day sometimes, and when she got hungry, she'd eat one. There's all meat in an egg and shell for another one, and the hen had turned out a new egg on time. With the extra one for a start it was easy enough to keep ahead, and she had been working her food over, right along for six weeks. Of course, it wouldn't have lasted always, but for the time she was shut up, she managed to keep it going about as well as could be expected. She was some thin, though, and she went at the grain and soft stuff like a beggar when I took her back to the hen yard."

Up in the Arctics

"I got back from Nome City, Alaska, before the winter set in," said the man with a yellow nugget of something on his watch chain, "and I was not the only one getting out to spend the winter elsewhere. It's cold enough for me in Maine. The last boat out carried two thousand four hundred passengers, eight thousand tons of freight, and two millions of dollars worth of gold dust. This amount is about one fifth of the annual output for the season. Nome has a summer population of about ten thousand, counting the miners in the neighborhood, and this is cut to about four thousand in the winter. That is to say, two fifths can stand the severe months of cold and darkness and general dismal conditions. But not for me."

"The Nome City of today isn't what it was four years ago, for now it has electric lights, a fire department, library, public schools, water-works and other modern conveniences, with drinks at only a quarter each, and reasonable prices for other commodities considering the location. But it is no country for the poor man. The day of rich finds is over, and the mining, chiefly placer, is done by men with enough money to keep at it even when the yellow metal is not pouring out in streams. One nugget was found last season under the clay and ice that weighed three thousand two hun-

dred dollars, but that was so unusual as almost to warrant a public holiday to celebrate the event. There is plenty of gold to be had for the working, and it will no doubt last a long time, but it is no longer a lottery, but a business. In addition to gold, tin has been found over at Cape York, ninety miles to the northwest, and that is so rich it promises to be worth more to Alaska than her gold is, at least in the Nome country. Oh, yes, I'm going back in the spring. I've got a claim or two or three that pay me well enough to work them all summer and blow myself in the states all winter."

The Winter Skeeter

"Never heard of a skee?" said the man in a fur overcoat. "Well, if you come out into the Northwest, anywhere from the upper Mississippi north and clean out to the west coast, you will soon learn what it is and how useful it is. Oh, you have heard of snow shoes, have you? Well, snow shoes ain't much different from skees, only there is a good deal more to skees and they are a much more effective means of transportation over the snow fields. The old-fashioned snow shoe was broad and short and looked more like a tennis racket than anything else. The skee is seven feet long and only about four inches wide, with runners only about an inch thick. They are the chief means of transportation through sections of the Northwest where the snow covers the roads and shuts out ordinary going, and they carry the mails to points that could not be reached without them. A western skee runner will make from four to eight miles an hour up hill and down, and sometimes on a long down grade he will, if he is very skillful, make a record that would give a start to an express train. But he has to know how to stay on his feet and keep to the track. Otherwise, good by, skee runner. Skee running is a great winter sport, too, and when the skee isn't doing useful work it is furnishing very exhilarating pastime to many energetic and active people who are always on the lookout for something new to stir their blood."

Cod Liver Oil

The man with a heavy cough and a caved in chest was opening a package. "By crackey," he exclaimed, "the price of cod liver oil is going up so that I've either got to quit coughing or quit using it. The druggist told me that the supply was shorter this year than ever. He said the oil comes from Norway, and that the seals had eaten up thousands of the cods and driven many more from their feeding places, so that the catch was not only short, but the fish were lean and didn't give much oil. The present supply is only three thousand barrels of thirty gallons each, or about ninety thousand gallons. Lord knows how many coughing people there are to have it. In 1900, first-class oil was worth only \$22 a barrel, in 1902 it had gone to \$25, but in the spring of 1903, when it was seen that the supply was going to be short, it jumped up to \$80, and then kept jumping till now it is worth from \$125 to \$135 a barrel. And the price is going higher, for there isn't any new coming in to amount to anything. We have to get it from Norway because the cods that come from Newfoundland and along the Massachusetts coasts are few in number and poor in quality. Course there's a lot of substituting going on, and nobody but an expert can tell from the label on the bottle whether he is getting cod liver oil, for they are making oil out of fish livers of all kinds, and even out of animals, and they are putting it in barrels with the Norway brands on and fooling even the experts. Yes, the United States uses more cod liver oil than any other country, but if the rest of them are as poor as I am, they won't use so much hereafter."

Conducting a Church

"I saw some time ago," said a divinity student from Andover, "that out in W. J. Bryan's town of Lincoln, Neb., it was proposed to organize a Church Trust, and economize on religion by having ten big churches do the work of fifty little ones, more or less week and feeble. Possibly it might be a good thing, but I doubt it. Feeble churches are like feeble children, those who look after them love them more and are more devoted to them than to the big strong ones able to take care of themselves. However, that isn't what I was going to talk about. This Lincoln Church Trust reminded me of a man once who organized himself into a church trust, so to speak. He was a well-to-do farmer in a community where there was but one church in an area of about six miles, and for some reason the people would not keep it going, though they were able enough to."

"The thrifty man proposed to run it himself, and he got the trustees to turn it over to him, which they were glad enough to do on condition that he would keep it open as often as it had been kept open, which was when any preacher happened along to preach. He began by putting it in good repair inside and out, and fixing the sheds for the horses of the farmers coming some distance. When it was all spick and span, he gave a house-warming and refreshments and a nice Sunday-school picnic kind of a time all of one Saturday up to midnight, and preaching next day. He charged a small sum for the good things, and asked a dime from each one who came to the preaching. Everybody was satisfied, and he cleared half as much as the repairs had cost. Then he hunted up preachers, giving a stated price of five dollars for a sermon, with board and horse keep at his house, and he had engagements ahead for a dozen Sundays right away. He let the people have the use of the building for Sunday school, free, but made everybody pay a dime to hear the sermon. That was at less cost than the old way, and they had no trouble, and a nice new preacher every Sunday, and they were pleased to death, and came flocking in from all quarters to such an extent that some days the magnate cleared twenty-five dollars. In addition to this, he let the church to organizations for various proper entertainments and made more money; and had in it once a week through the winter a singing school. When I went by there about six months ago, he was putting on a new coat of paint, and making an addition to it which he called 'church parlors' for the accommodation of social organizations, and such as were too small to fill the entire building. Indeed, the church house had come to be the central point for the entire community, and there was some talk by a rival of the farmer's that he was going to build an opposition church and get some business himself."

Stories About Men and Women

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A Child's Passion and a Woman's Tenderness

ZELIE DE LUSSAN,
Prima Donna.

Madame Zélie de Lussan, the prima donna, bears upon one of her arms a peculiar scar. How it came to be there forms an interesting little story.

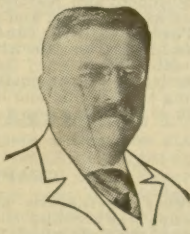
Years ago—many years ago, before De Lussan ever thought of such a thing as utilizing her voice for the purposes of public amusement, she happened to be at a seaside resort at which some Buffalo people were staying. Among the latter was a little deaf and dumb girl. The singer took a great liking to the child. She spent much of her time in the little one's company. And one day, when they were romping together up and down the sand and the deaf and dumb child, in the exuberance of her wild joy, suddenly turned and bit through the thin muslin of De Lussan's sleeve and deep into the arm.

Ever since, should the prima donna be in Buffalo or its vicinity, she never fails to call at the home of the deaf and dumb girl—now grown to womanhood. As far as De Lussan is able to, she converses with the afflicted one in sign language, never tiring of repeating the story of the scar upon her arm.

Three Letters From His Wife

President Roosevelt, notwithstanding his very active, strenuous life, is a thoroughly domestic man. He is a model husband, and a very kind and considerate father. When he lays aside the arduous duties and responsibilities of his office, he is never more delighted than in the bosom of his family—in the home circle of the White House. Whenever the President is absent from Mrs. Roosevelt, he never forgets to write her very often—almost daily, if circumstances permit. His friends claim that he is lover-like in his attachment to his estimable wife. This was shown during the President's great Western trip—to the Pacific coast last spring. Nearly every day he either wrote, or sent her a telegram. Great bundles of newspapers were forwarded her which gave elaborate and glowing accounts of the President's triumphal journeyings westward.

Private Secretary Loeb was intrusted with all this delicate and important work—and faithfully he discharged it, too. All the President's



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

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official and personal mail were forwarded from place to place as he moved westward. Mr. Loeb was specially charged with looking after all this mail. Whenever the President did not hear from his wife as often as he liked, he would mildly and half jocularly "blow up" his secretary.

"Any letters from my wife today, Loeb?" was his daily question.

Sometimes Loeb would say: "No, Mr. President," and then the Chief Executive would frown and say:

"You must dig me up a letter, Loeb; this thing is getting monotonous."

Often Loeb would hand Roosevelt a letter or two from Mrs. Roosevelt. Then Theodore would smile all over like a happy schoolboy, and say: "Aha, now I'll get some home news."

Whenever Roosevelt would write "home," he would rarely fail to ask:

"I say, Loeb, did you mail that letter of mine? Yes? Are you sure?"

Several days before the President reached San Francisco, he failed to hear from his wife. He was frowning like a storm cloud, and poor Loeb was worried, for he couldn't "dig" up a letter.

"Some mistake, Loeb; some mistake about this," Roosevelt kept saying; "Loeb, I shall hold you responsible."

On the fourth night the President retired to his room disappointed. An hour later a big sack of mail was placed in Loeb's hands. He rushed through the mass like a whirlwind, and—found three delayed letters from Mrs. Roosevelt.

Loeb bounded up stairs and rapped on the President's door.

"Who is there?" was asked.

"Me, Loeb."

"Well, what is the matter?"

"Letters—three from your wife."

Out of bed bounced Roosevelt, opened the door, grasped the letters, and exclaimed:

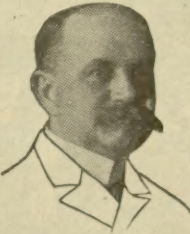
"Ah, Loeb, thanks my lad, you have saved my life."

It was hard to tell who was the happier—Roosevelt or Loeb.

The City Good Enough for Him

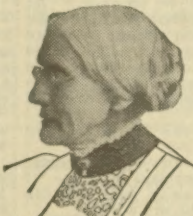
"Bob" Wynne, First Assistant Postmaster-General, does not care for fishing. Some months ago, he received a letter requesting him to join a fishing club. The following was his reply:

"Dear Sir:—It was very kind of Mr. — to recommend me for membership in the X, Y and Z club of Maine, but I am afraid I can't know me very well, or he wouldn't do it. I hate the sight, smell and taste of fish. I wouldn't live in the woods with bugs and flies and things for the whole state of Maine."

ASST. POSTMASTER-
GEN'L WYNNE.

"The only game I play is golf. As for going into camp with the 'most distinguished men in the country,' I believe most anything would be preferable. This view is based on experience. A city is good enough for any civilized human being. Don't send me any booklets. I don't want them."

A Deflected Smile

MISS SUSAN B.
ANTHONY.

Ex-Senator Mason may lack reverence, as has been said of him, because he paid very little attention to the moss-grown usages of the Senate, while he was a member of that overpoweringly dignified body, but all the same he is one of the most generous judges in the world of the achievements of others. He will even admit that a woman may excel in intellectual qualities, and such a woman always excites his profoundest admiration.

This trait in his character was once the cause of quite a joke on Miss Anthony. It was while the admission of Wyoming to statehood was being considered in the House, Mason being a member thereof at that time; a long row of suffrage women, with Miss Anthony in their midst, sat in a front seat of the gallery watching the proceedings, and just behind them was a woman correspondent making notes. The interest became intense to them, as the time for a vote approached, and the newspaper woman being a daily attendant at the Capitol, felt perfectly at home and stood up the better to see and hear.

Just then Billy Mason meandered down the aisle, and planting himself right below these ladies, beamed up with that expansive, all-permeating smile of his, which has never yet been duplicated. Miss Anthony grew uneasy, and looked up and down the row on both sides of her, most of them young and attractive women, to see for which of her companions the smile was meant, but none of them had noticed it, as was quite evident from the fact that, to a woman, all were eagerly listening to Delegate Carey's speech. Then Miss Anthony turned, and looking behind her, saw the woman quill driver standing, and jumped at the conclusion that the smile she had intercepted was meant as a tribute to the press. She bridled immediately, with a kind severity all her own, said: "You must not stand up, Mrs. —, and attract the attention of the members."

"Why, Miss Anthony," said the correspondent, "the members of the press do that continually, when they do not have a front seat. Nobody thinks anything of it."

"But look," persisted Miss Anthony, "do you not see that man down there trying to flirt with you? You really must not stand up so that he can see you while you are near us; for you know how the world watches us, and

how ready it is to misjudge us."

"Well, Miss Anthony, you have misjudged me this time, for I am too well known here for any man down there to think he could flirt with me, even if any body on earth could be daft enough to accuse Billy Mason of anything of the kind. He is not smiling for my benefit any how, for I have met him already this morning just before I came up here, and he could have smiled on me then if he had anything to smile about."

After a while the pen woman went out, and at the gallery door she met Mr. Mason trying to make his way into the crowded gallery.

"I want to get in there if I can," he said, "to pay my respects to Miss Anthony. I tried to attract her attention from the floor, but I do not think she recognized me, though I was introduced to her once in Chicago, and I think her the grandest woman of the century—or man either, for that matter."

Red Tape

An instance of the vexatious red tape restrictions that harass all who have dealings with Uncle Sam appears in an anecdote told by M. C. Fosnes, who has taken charge of the rural free delivery service of the post office since Mr. Machen's retirement. Some years ago, Mr. Fosnes was a special examiner in the pension office, and, as such, was sent on many trips. One day, on the way to a place in Iowa, his train was halted suddenly by the fact that a bridge across one of the big tributaries of the Mississippi had gone down in a freshet, taking with it the only means of crossing until it could be rebuilt. The shortest detour that Mr. Fosnes could make to reach his destination would take him two days, with, of course, additional expenses for meals and so on.

For a while he studied the flood that raged almost beneath the pilot of the engine, and then started out to discover some means of getting across. He found a leaky boat whose owner refused to risk it for hire on the turbulent stream but who was willing to sell it outright for ten dollars. With another daring passenger, Mr. Fosnes bought the boat, each paying five dollars, and essayed the passage, which was made successfully after several narrow escapes.

But when Fosnes put in his voucher for his half of the boat, it was disallowed by some clerk on the ground that Mr. Fosnes "had no authority to buy boats for the government," and Mr. Fosnes had to pay for that boat, whose purchase had saved the government at least twenty dollars, out of his own pocket. Yet if he had put in his bill for the same amount for "hire" of the boat, it would have been approved without question.

M. C. FOSNES,
Rural Free Delivery.

Lessons In Crayon Drawing

By Henry Hale Snyder

Third Lesson

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Geometrical Drawing

THE geometrical forms are to be met with in all kinds of drawing, and a thorough understanding of them is important. These forms include the cube, circle, square, pyramid, cylinder, prism, triangle and sphere. As in free-hand drawing one is not supposed to use any mechanical means such as ruler or drawing instruments, we will give a few simple rules for drawing them correctly without them. With practice one will soon be able to draw them "free-hand" without any help whatever.

The Cube

This is a body having six faces and is represented by a book or box; and the same principle applies to drawing buildings, bridges, etc. In landscape drawing the cube may be easily made out of cardboard as follows: Cut out of stiff cardboard a cross, the body, arms and top each representing a perfect square, the lower part being equal to two squares. See figure 8.

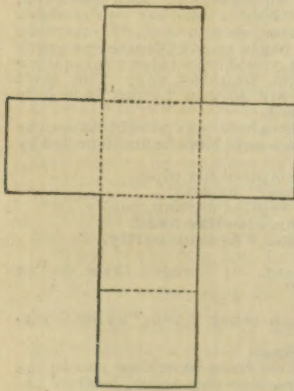


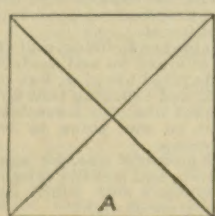
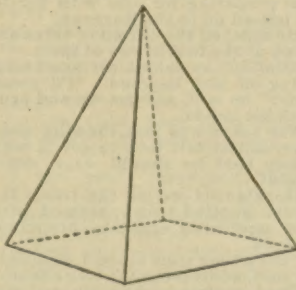
FIG. 8.

The dotted lines and fold over in the form of a box and paste strips of paper over the edges where the sides join. Most of the other forms may be made in the same way. To draw the cube, place the model on a table a short distance away and a little below the eye. Care must be taken not to place any object for drawing too near the eye, or too far above or below it,—by experience you will soon learn the best location. First draw the front face—which if turned toward the eye will be a perfect square—a little below the middle of your paper. Then draw in the horizontal line and locate the vanishing point, which may be easily found by the aid of

the pencil as instructed in the last lesson. As some may not thoroughly understand what the vanishing point is we will endeavor to make it more clear. This is an imaginary point toward which all lines seem to diverge. Probably nearly every one has noticed how the lines of a roadway or railroad track gradually approach each other in the distance, and finally seem almost to meet. Another example is that of a covered bridge. If a very long bridge the opposite opening as we enter the bridge appears as a mere point of light; and as we drive through the bridge this point of light gradually increases in size while the opening behind diminishes. If the cube, as shown in perspective in our last lesson, were carried out far enough it would come to a point at the vanishing point, as is shown by the dotted lines. After locating the vanishing point in your drawing by pencil-in-hand measurement find the width as they appear, of the top face, and side, as compared with the front. Observe that it is possible to see but one side of the cube at once in whatever position you place it.

The Pyramid

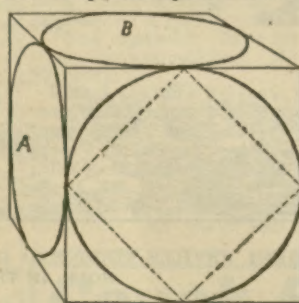
This is shown in figure 9, and is a four-sided figure. The base represents a square and should be drawn in the same way, although, of course, in the position shown in the study only two sides will appear if an opaque body; the dotted lines show how it would look if transparent. If viewed from the top it would appear as in A, figure 9. The perspective of the pyramid applies to four-sided roofs of buildings, etc.

GEOMETRICAL FORMS.
FIG. 9.

The Circle

This may be drawn without the aid of the compass by making a square and then drawing the circle inside of this touching the four sides as in figure 10. However, a circular object is seldom represented in the position in which it appears as a perfect circle; it is more or less elliptical. Cut a circular piece of cardboard and lay on the table in

the same position as the cube. You will notice that it appears quite different.



GEOMETRICAL FORMS. FIG. 10.

The Square

This, of course, needs no description. Try drawing the square as nearly perfect as you can, then measure with the lead pencil and see if the sides are equal. Practice until you can make a perfect square with comparatively straight lines. The top face of the cube shows the square in perspective.

The Cylinder

This is a long circular body of uniform diameter. Figure 11 shows two views of the cylinder, one with the end turned toward the observer, the other viewed lengthwise. In the first, the end represents a perfect circle, and the sides recede toward the vanishing point. In the other the end appears elliptical. The principle of the cylinder applies to columns and pillars of buildings and to the trunks of trees.

The Cone

Viewed with its top directly toward the eye, the cone appears as a circle. Viewed so that the base appears as a straight line it appears as a triangle.

The prism and triangle are three-sided bodies and are easily drawn.

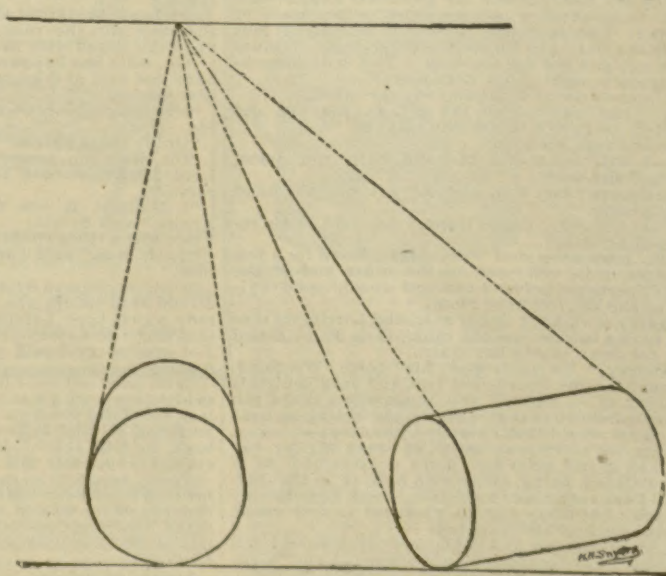
The sphere, which is very important, cannot

be represented in outline. It will therefore be taken up in connection with light and shade.

In perspective drawing, one eye alone is to be used; to prove the necessity of this, look at an object with one eye, and then the other alternately; the object appears to move back and forth sideways. This is caused by each eye seeing a little more to one side than the other.

Copy the studies given in connection with these lessons, several times, and then work from real objects. Do not begin your drawing with too much haste. Study well what you are going to draw and decide how much you are going to represent; try to make your drawing proportionate to the size of your paper. The point directly in front of the eye is called the "center of vision" though it is not necessarily the center of the picture; it may be situated either to the right or left of the center.

Cultivate a habit of neatness; nothing looks worse than a soiled drawing. Sir Joshua Reynolds advised his pupils to never mind their first work; that it would only be thrown aside after the practice. This is not very good



GEOMETRICAL FORMS. FIGURE 11.

policy, as one is liable to get in a careless habit of working; and it is well to keep your first efforts to compare with your later work.

The Heart of Love

By Charles Garvice

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

By reading this, new subscribers may commence the story in this issue.

Neville Lynne, after a run of bad luck, finds a nugget on his claim in Lorn Hope Camp. A stranger comes to the camp and, dying, leaves a daughter, aged fifteen, named Sylvia Bond. She is put up at auction by the miners. Neville Lynne bids his nugget to save her from Lavarick, the worst character in the camp. The next day Lavarick offers more money for the girl and on being refused abducts her, but she is rescued by Neville, who threatens to shoot Lavarick if he does not leave the camp inside twenty-four hours. At this time Sir Jordan Lynne, a half-brother of Neville's, is creating a great reputation in the British House of Parliament. He is much in love with a former playmate of Neville's, and as he leaves her one evening he is accosted by a woman named Rachel, whom he has betrayed and deserted. Lord Lorrimer, a rival of Sir Jordan Lynne for the heart and hand of Audrey Hope, to prove his love agrees to find Neville within two years. He arrives in Australia and joins a band of vigilantes organized by the citizens of Wildfall. Neville, having accumulated enough gold, starts for England with Sylvia but is attacked by Lavarick and his gang, who seize the gold and Sylvia and escape, leaving Neville on the ground with a bullet in his leg. Lord Lorrimer and the vigilantes come up with Lavarick, who drops Sylvia from his horse and escapes. The vigilantes find a coat of Neville's near the body of one of Lavarick's men shot by Neville, and mistaking this for Neville's body, report his death to Sylvia. Lord Lorrimer with Sylvia and a nurse-companion named Mercy Fairfax leave for Europe. Neville is discovered in an insensible condition two days later and after his recovery disappears from the camp. Two and a half years later Lord Lorrimer returns to England having failed to find Neville, and Audrey's engagement to Sir Jordan Lynne is announced. Sylvia studies music on the Continent and comes to London as the prima donna of the opera. She meets Audrey and they become friends. One evening Sir Jordan Lynne is suddenly confronted in his own house by a man whom he addresses as Banks, but whom we know as Lavarick, who enters by means of the window. He tells Sir Jordan how, while his father was dying, he heard Sir Greville say he had cancelled his former will leaving everything to Jordan, and saw the dying man hand a new will to his son in which one third of the property was left to Jordan, one third to Neville, and one third to the daughter (Sylvia) of the man and woman whom the dying man had driven to ruin and death. Jordan intended to destroy this will, but, putting it down for a moment to leave the room, it had disappeared on his return. Lavarick had entered the room and taken it. He now asks Sir Jordan twenty-five thousand pounds for the will. Sir Jordan agrees to meet him at night in the grounds of the estate with the money. Incidentally Banks (or Lavarick) asks Sir Jordan if he happens to know who was the betrayer of his daughter Rachel, who has disappeared. Sir Jordan thinks this is a good opportunity to get rid of his brother and says that Neville had ruined Rachel.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AUDREY came to Sylvia's rooms the next afternoon, and the two girls sat and talked over their tea, as women who are fast and loving friends delight to talk. Audrey was resplendent in her evening dress, and Sylvia was laughingly admiring her, and holding up a hand mirror that Audrey might survey herself, when the maid servant entered.

Sylvia, thinking she had come to remove the tea service, paid her no attention; when Audrey, who was trying to put aside the mirror, suddenly uttered a cry and half rose.

Sylvia turned her head to see what was the matter.

She dropped the glass and ran forward with both hands outstretched, exclaiming:

"Lord Lorrimer!"

He took her hands and held them so tightly that he hurt her. But his eyes did not meet hers, they were fixed on the pale and downcast face of Audrey Hope.

"Audrey! Miss Hope, you here!" exclaimed Lorrimer, his dark face flushing, his eyes lighting up with a sudden joy and gladness.

Sylvia looked from one to the other, but not a glimmering of the truth dawned upon her.

"Yes! No wonder you are surprised. Audrey—Miss Hope is an old friend of yours, Lord Lorrimer; so she is of mine, aren't you, Audrey?" and smiled at her.

But Audrey seemed unable to speak for a moment or two, and she gave her hand in silence to Lorrimer, whose heart rose at the sight of her embarrassment. It was the first time she had ever shown any emotion at the sight of him, and it made him hopeful.

He sat down between the two on the large couch, and Sylvia plied him with questions. "Why did you not write and tell us you were coming?" she asked, chidingly. "And why have you been away so long?"

"I didn't write because I did not know until yesterday that I was coming to England," he said, scarcely knowing what he said, all his thoughts scattered by the fact that the woman he loved was sitting within reach of his hand.

He had not seen her for nearly three years, and yet, as she sat there arrayed in her splendor, and her lovely face downcast, the long lashes sweeping her cheeks, it seemed to him that it was but yesterday that he had stood beside her in Lynne Burrows, and started on the quest for Neville.

"I—I hope Lady Marlow is quite well?" he said.

Audrey found her voice at last.

"Yes, thank you," she said, and without raising her eyes; but the voice thrilled through him as of old, and he turned his eyes with a dazed, far-away look in them, to Sylvia.

The servant knocked at the door and entered.

"Miss Mercy's love, madam, and it is time to dress."

Sylvia nodded and smiled.

"You see Mercy is still my guardian angel," she said. "She watches over me almost every hour of the day. I am sorry she is not here to see you; but she is not well, and I have made her rest. I must run away and put my cloak on. You will come to the opera tonight, Lord Lorrimer?"

He looked down at his suit of gray tweed.

"Oh, you can go in the pit, as you are not dressed," said Sylvia, and she laughed.

Audrey rose with her.

"I—I will come with you and help you dress, Sylvia," she said.

Lorrimer's face fell, and he put out his hand impulsively.

"One moment, Miss Hope," he said with repressed agitation.

"Oh, pray stop and keep him amused for a few minutes, or he will be off to the other end of the world, perhaps, before I can get down," said Sylvia, as she ran from the room.

Audrey sank back in her seat, and Lorrimer rose and took a turn across the room; then he returned and sat down beside her again.

"Audrey," he said, and his voice trembled, "though I came back to see you, and only you, this meeting is so sudden and unexpected that I can scarcely believe that it is really you sitting so near me. I am afraid that I startled you, that—Audrey, you are not sorry to see me?" he broke off, for her face had grown paler and more constrained, as if she disliked being alone with him, as he thought.

"I—I am very glad to see you, Lord Lorrimer," she said; but there was no gladness in her voice, he noticed, and his heart fell.

"I am afraid you will not be very glad when I tell you that I have come back unsuccessful, and without any good news for you."

"It is very strange," said Audrey in a low voice, but almost coldly.

"When I started, Audrey, you—no, you didn't say a word; but I thought, I hoped, that if I were successful, that—that you might perhaps feel I had done my poor best to prove my love for you. Not that it wanted any proving, for I think, Audrey, that you have always known that. I have loved

you, and that you might, I mean—"

He broke down, stammering like a schoolboy, and leaning forward, took her hand and held it, though it struggled feebly in his grasp.

"Audrey, is there any hope for me? I don't want to trade on this search business; it is nothing, after all, except the being parted from you so long." At this piece of masculine simplicity the tears began to gather in Audrey's eyes. "I don't want to take advantage of it in any way, I'd go all through it again to please you, even if you told me there was no hope for me. I love you, dear Audrey, more devotedly—ten thousand times better than ever, if that were possible."

A tremor seized Audrey and she tried to stop him, but she could not speak.

"Tell me, Audrey," he said in a low voice. "Whatever the verdict is, I will try and bear it. If what I want cannot be, I will go away and trouble you no more. Audrey, will you be my wife?"

She turned her face from him that he might not see the awful longing in it, the longing to throw her arms round his neck, hide herself in his strong arms, and give him love for love. Perhaps, with a lover's intuition he read her heart, for he put out his arms toward her; but with a low cry that was half sob, half moan, she shrank from him and "No, no!" broke from her trembling lips.

Lorrimer's arms fell to his side, and his face paled.

"There is some one, isn't there, Audrey?" he said in a low voice.

She did not answer, at least in words, but her head sank lower, and her face grew hot as if with shame.

"Who is it?" he asked, in a voice he tried to keep steady.

Audrey tried to lift her eyes to his, but it was as if a heavy weight hung on her lids.

"I—I am engaged to—Jordan Lynne," came in a whisper at last.

"Jordan Lynne!" he said. "Jordan Lynne! It is not possible."

back," she said. "I am engaged to Sir Jordan Lynne."

Sylvia started.

"Oh, poor Lord Lorrimer!" she murmured, the tears gathering in her eyes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Old Mrs. Parsons wept tears of joy when she was at last made to understand that the tall young man with the bronzed face was her "Master Neville," and welcomed him with a mixture of affection and respect that made poor Neville's heavy heart throb. "Now, if Miss Audrey was here we should be all complete, so to say. And you haven't seen her yet, Master Neville?" she asked.

"Not yet, Mrs. Parsons," he said. "And I don't want to see any one, or be seen, just at present. You must let me be your nephew come home from sea, or something of that kind, for a little while."

The old lady nodded after a moment's pondering.

"Whatever you say is to be shall be, Neville," she said, with the implicit obedience of an old servant. "I did have a nephew as went off to sea, but I'm afraid he's drowned. Oh, don't you be afraid, Master Neville; I can keep my lips shut, as Mr. Treble knows."

The tiny bedroom up under the thatched roof was as clean as a new pin and as sweet as lavender, and Neville slept soundly for the first time for many a night.

If any one had asked him why he was dreaming away his time at Lynne, he could not have told them, and every day he reminded himself that he must be off—somewhere.

His small stock of money was disappearing, if slowly still surely, and he must go out into the world and get some more—somehow.

"After all," he said to himself, with a sigh, "I have seen the old place; it's very unlikely that once I've left it again I shall ever see it more. Why should I stay and make myself known to—Jordan and Audrey? I should only become an object of

The newcomer stood still for a moment as if to accustom his eyes to the shadow-casting trees, then he went round them, one by one, stepped outside the ring, and, need, to Neville, to be looking about."

he said. "I'll wait and see what he will do. If he takes to Mother Earth for a bed, the all will make it lively for him. I don't wish him any harm, but I should rather enjoy seeing him jump up."

The man came back to where he had first stood, struck a match and lit a small piece of candle.

This rather startled Neville.

"Tramps don't usually care much about a light to go to bed by," he thought, and he looked down at the man curiously.

He had not much of the appearance of the common tramp, but was, indeed, rather well dressed in a plain suit of black, and looked to Neville, who had seen many and diverse types of mankind, like a respectable clerk, say a solicitor's. He was an elderly man with a gray beard that gave him rather a venerable look, and Neville was puzzling at the problem why a respectable clerk of his time of life should think fit to come to Lynne Burrows and light a candle, when the man gave him another surprise by unbuttoning his frock coat and taking from under it a small trowel.

The man stuck the candle on the ground by the simple method of pouring some grease from it and standing the candle in it; then, with his back to Neville, paced slowly from the tree, counting as he went.

He made the measurement twice, as if to be certain of his accuracy, then went down on his knees and began to dig quickly.

Every now and then he paused and looked round and listened, and once as he did so a bird, wakened by the noise and the light, flew out of the trees; the man extinguished the candle in an instant, as if frightened, and Neville could hear a breathing hard as he walked and listened.

Then he relit the candle and fell to digging again. Suddenly the man uttered a low, suppressed cry of satisfaction.

Consumed by curiosity, Neville stretched himself along the branch, and leaned over at the imminent risk of tumbling down.

CHAPTER XXV.

What Neville saw as he leaned down from the branch was a round tin canister, lying at the bottom of the hole which the old man had dug.

The man took up the box, forced open the lid, and drew out—a roll of paper. This he placed carefully in his breast pocket; then, flinging the empty can into the hole, he filled in the dirt, stamped it down, and strewed some of the dead leaves and twigs over the spot.

Then he sat down, lit a pipe, and smoked meditatively. After a few minutes he, with a shake of the head, drew the paper from his pocket and looked around.

As his eyes approached Neville's hiding place Neville quietly and cautiously drew himself up to a higher branch and so escaped detection.

The man went up to the tree, and carefully placed the paper inside one of the hollows.

The old gentleman then returned to his seat at the foot of another tree, and smoked with patience and contentment.

Neville was far too curious and interested now to discover himself, and made himself as comfortable as possible, he too, waited and watched.

Presently the man took his pipe out of his mouth and listened with his head on one side, then he knelt and laid his ear to the ground.

This action startled Neville as much as anything the man had done; for it reminded him of his digger days, and the way in which the scouts of a party listened for the approach of footsteps. How did it happen that a respectable clerk should know a trick of the backwoods?

The man got up, resumed his seat, and relit his pipe with an evident air of satisfaction, and a few minutes afterward Neville heard some one approaching.

Now, Neville was the last man in the world to play the part of eavesdropper, and he was about to speak to the man and descend when a tall figure entered the thicket, and Neville recognized with amazement his brother Jordan!

Jordan had got on a dress in a moment, with the collar turned up, but Neville knew him in a moment.

Jordan made his way toward the other man, who remained seated, puffing his pipe, eying Jordan coolly, and Jordan, in a tone of impatience and hauteur, said:

"You are here. Let us get this business over quickly, please."

The man looked up at him with an easy, insolent grin.

"What are you afraid of, Sir Jordan?" he retorted.

"We're quiet enough here."

At the sound of his voice Neville's heart leaped, and the blood rushed to his head. Was he mad or dreaming, or was that Lavarick's voice?

Lavarick here, and in collusion with Jordan! Surely he, Neville, must be dreaming! His heart beat so fast and furiously that it made a singing in his ears so that he could scarcely hear the voices of the two men below him, near as they were.

"I am here, very reluctantly," said Jordan, haughtily. "And I am desirous of completing this business and returning as soon as possible."

"Right," said Lavarick, curtly. "Did any one see you on the way, do you think, Sir Jordan?"

"I think not," replied Jordan. "But some person, some tramp, may come upon us at any moment, and—"

"You'd rather not be seen holding confab with a stranger at this time of night, eh?" said Lavarick, as coolly as before. "Well, I dare say you're right. It would look singular, wouldn't it, if you were seen? People would begin to ask themselves queer questions. But, there, you'd have some explanation cut and dried for 'em, wouldn't you? You can't put the Right Hon. Sir Jordan Lynne in a hole easily," and he laughed.

If Neville had entertained any doubt as to the identity of the man it would have been dispelled by the laugh.

Lavarick rose and emptied his pipe.

"You've got the notes?" he said.

"I have the notes," replied Jordan, coldly.

Lavarick held out his clawlike hand.

"Pass them over, then," he said, curtly.

Jordan sneered.

"Excuse me," he said. "I brought them for an exchange, not a gift."

Lavarick swore.

"We don't trust each other much," he said, sarcastically.

Jordan remained silent.

"What's to prevent me from knocking you on the head and helping myself to the notes?" asked Lavarick, with engaging frankness.

"A regard for your own safety," replied Jordan, calmly. "Before I left the court I told my servant that I was going for a walk on the Burrows, and that if I did not return in an hour he was to drive here for me. If you murdered me—as I have no doubt you would like to do—"

"Well, I should!" assented Lavarick, with cold-blooded candor.

"You could not conceal the evidences of your crime and escape in time." He looked at his watch as he spoke. "As it is, the time is passing rapidly, and my man will be here soon."

"You refuse to give me the notes first?" said Lavarick.

"Absolutely!" retorted Jordan.

Lavarick laughed.

"I thought you would. And I refuse to hand you the will before I get the notes. I wouldn't trust it

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



AT THIS MOMENT NEVILLE STRETCHED DOWN AND TOOK THE PAPER FROM THE HOLE IN THE TRUNK.

Sylvia was just coming in.

"Good by, Sylvia; I'm going," he cried.

"Going! Where?" gasped Sylvia, thinking he had taken leave of his senses, and not knowing whether to laugh or be frightened at his darkly furious face.

"Where!" he said, hoarsely. "To the devil! Good by. For God's sake, save her, if you can," and ringing Sylvia's hand he dashed down the stairs.

Sylvia stood staring after him for a moment, then she went into the room and found Audrey lying upon the couch with her face buried in the cushion.

"Oh, what has happened!" she exclaimed. "What have you said or done to him? I never saw him like that before!"

"I've only bro—bro—ken his heart," wailed Audrey.

"Only!" said Sylvia. "How have you done that?"

"Oh, can't you guess? It was for me that—that Lord Lorrimer has been wandering all over the earth."

"I thought it was for a man called Neville Lynne," said Sylvia.

She was a little confused and bewildered.

"So it was," said Audrey; "but it was I who sent him."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sylvia, flushing, as she recalled all the hard things she had said of the unknown lady whom Lord Lorrimer loved, little thinking that she was Audrey. "Oh dear, then it was you? I—I am sorry I said what I did the other day, Audrey."

"You need not be; I deserved it all, and more," said Audrey, with a sob. "It was cruel and heartless, but I did it all in a moment, almost without meaning it, and before I could stop him or take it back he had gone. Men are so—quick and—sudden, especially this one."

"Yes," said Sylvia, in a low voice; "and it is well for us women sometimes that they are." And she thought of the way in which Lord Lorrimer had saved her from Lavarick. "But why are you so unhappy, dear? Is it because he has not found Neville Lynne?"

Audrey shook her head without raising it from the cushion.

"No, it is not that. I don't care what has become of him now—I don't mean that—"

"I think I know what you mean. But still I don't see why you should cry. Lord Lorrimer has come back—"

Audrey raised her head with a kind of despair.

"It would have been better if he had never come

The Dog and the Dagger

By Crittenden Marriott

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CHAPTER I.

"WHAT'S that?" Frank Warren sat in bed, with every nerve quivering with the shock of his sudden awakening. "Oh, Zip! Confound the dog." With a half amused, half angry gesture, he pushed the spaniel off the bed and lay down again.

But Zip refused to remain on the floor. In a moment he had again leaped up to his master's side and cowered against him; Frank could feel him quivering in every limb. "Why, Zip, what's frightened you?" he demanded. "There! There! old fellow; it's all right."

But it was not all right. Frank's door was ajar and in the dead silence of the night, he heard a faint creak, creak, creak, from below. "Burglars!" he breathed, springing from the bed and drawing on his trousers. "By Jove, they've paid us a visit at last, have they! All right, Zip, I owe you one for warning me. Now let's see."

Cautiously the young fellow peered out into the hall; then down the stairs. He could see nothing, but the suspicious noise came more clearly to his ears. "Ah! ha!" he breathed. "They're at the back door."

Tiptoeing down the stairs, he reached the door, dimly illumined by a tiny gas flame in the hall. A ripple of light that came and went showed where a small steel saw was eating its way around the section of the door. Soon the circuit would be completed and the midnight visitor would be able to insert his hand, and shoot back the bolts. Just so, house after house in the city had been entered of late by daring marauders who left no clue to their identity.

For a moment, Frank hesitated; then moved noiselessly to a small closet under the stairs, from which he drew a small but light rope. Quickly he made a slip noose at one end, passed the other around the newest post of the stairs, and concealed himself close against the door. As he did so, a slight rap told him that the saw had completed its work.

For a few seconds Frank stood against the door, holding his very breath in suspense, while the burglar was evidently peering through the hole he had made. Then a hand appeared groping for the bolt. Instantly Frank seized it, slipped the loop of his rope over it, drew it tight, and threw himself back on the other end. A startled exclamation came from without and the burglar struggled desperately to escape. But the purchase against him was too great and he was drawn in until his body was tight against the door and he was helpless.

Pausing only to secure the other end of the rope, Frank ran into the front hall and pressed the police call that hung upon the wall. Then he opened the front door and ran out on the steps and waited until, in a few minutes, the police patrol drove up, and half a dozen blue coats sprang out.

"What's the matter?" demanded the sergeant in charge.

"Burglars. I've caught one of them. Quick! Send your men round to the side door and come with me."

Obedient to the word, several officers ran around, while others followed Frank into the house. It took but a second to cast loose the rope and throw open the door. As it yielded, a heavy body fell forward into the hall and lay there without motion. A dagger was driven deeply into its breast. Frank cast one glance at it. "My God!" he cried. "It's Tom Moore!"

"Tom Moore! Not—"

"Yes! Yes! son of William H. Moore, and my best friend. How in heaven's name did he come here?"

CHAPTER II.

William H. Moore, father of the dead boy, was probably the best known man in all F—. He had been mayor of the town, had represented the district in Congress, and had recently been defeated for governor of the state only after a close contest in which he had cut down the usual majority of the other party almost to the vanishing point. So it will easily be understood what a sensation was created by the news of his son's disgrace.

At first it had been supposed that young Tom had killed himself rather than face the consequences of being caught in the act of robbing his friend's house, but this idea disappeared when the physicians who examined the body declared that it was absolutely impossible for the boy to have inflicted such a wound upon himself. Clearly he had been stabbed by his accomplice.

Naturally the hall of the inquest was crowded. After the medical evidence had been given, Frank Warren was called to testify. He narrated the events that led up to the murder, and declared that he had heard no sound of a struggle, nor any sound at all from without after the first startled cry of the trapped burglar. Probably he would not have heard any in any case, as he had left the back hall to go to the front door the moment he had secured the rope.

"How did you say you were awakened, Mr. Warren?" asked the coroner.

"By my little dog, Zip, which sprang on the bed and cowered down beside me."

"That is the dog you have with you now?"

"It is."

"Was it customary for him to spring upon your bed at night?"

"On the contrary, it was very unusual. He was evidently greatly frightened."

"Is he easily frightened?"

"Not more so than most dogs!"

"Is it not surprising that he should have been so much frightened by such a slight sound as you describe?"

"It certainly seems so."

"Now, Mr. Warren, think well, and tell us whether there is a person of whom the dog was particularly afraid—some one who had ill-treated him—who might have been outside that door?"

Frank started violently at the full import of the question dawned on him; clearly it carried with it some new and disagreeable idea. "No-o, sir!" he stammered at last. "I know of no one."

"You are sure?"

"Absolutely." Frank had recovered his self-possession and spoke firmly.

"Very well; that is all."

Frank left the stand and the room with an expression on his face that led Detective Jones, who was watching the case in the interest of the elder Moore, to drop everything else and incidentally follow him.

As the two emerged into the corridor, the sound of a heated discussion came to their ears. "Where'll I have him, then?" demanded a voice.

"I don't care where you leave him, but you can't take him in here," retorted the officer who stood at the door. "Don't you know better than to bring a dog into a courtroom? Be off with you now, and chain him up somewhere."

Disgustedly the man turned away, leading a fierce looking bull dog by a chain. "If I'm not back when I'm called to the stand," he muttered, "it's your fault it'll be."

Detected Jones started and spoke to the man. "Are you a witness in the case?" he asked.

"That's what I am. I'm Patrick O'Flaherty, Mr. Moore's coachman, sir."

"Oh! Jackson," called Jones, turning to the officer. "Mr. O'Flaherty is a witness. Help him to put his dog somewhere till he has testified."

With a nod, the detective hurried after young Warren.

Meanwhile the inquest proceeded. Mr. Moore testified that the dagger was the property of his dead son, having been given to him by a traveled uncle. He was certain that the boy had taken no part in the previous robberies that had frightened the town, and in a voice shaken with sobs, declared that he did not believe that the boy had gone to the Warren house as a burglar. "There is some mystery here which will yet be revealed, and will clear my boy's name," he asserted again and again.

Testimony followed to the effect that young Moore was in dire need of money and that he happened to know that Mr. Warren had a large sum in the house on that particular night.

By this time, the hour was so late that the inquest was adjourned till the following day.

CHAPTER III.

Frank Warren led Detective Jones straight down town and into a big office building. Intensely preoccupied, he was evidently so entirely unconscious of any possible pursuit that Jones ventured to enter the same elevator with him and to leave it at the same floor. Here, however, his quarry eluded him by stepping into an office and closing the door behind him.

From his post in the hall, the detective could hear voices in angry talk, but try as he might, could not distinguish a single word. At last the door opened and Frank came out. On the threshold he paused. "Be warned," he cried. "I give you till Monday; not a day more."

"Confound your gifts," exclaimed another voice; the slamming of the door cut off further sound.

The detective did not follow Frank but stood musing at the door. Henry Wilton, occupant of the office which Frank had just visited, was well known to him. His engagement to Margaret Warren, sister of Frank, had been announced only a week before and had caused quite a flutter in social circles by reason of the prominence of both the families involved. Now Frank Warren, after showing embarrassment at being questioned as to people who had ill-treated his dog, had gone straight to Wilton's office and quarreled with him. It could mean but one thing, thought the detective. Frank must suspect his brother-in-law to be of complicity in the crime of the night before. If that were so—the detective did not stop to think longer, but set off at once to see what he could learn of Wilton's circumstances and needs.

As it happened the detective had guessed rightly. Disregarding the other's cheery greeting, Frank had gone straight to the point. "Wilton!" he demanded, "where were you last night?"

"Where was I?" repeated the other, lightly. "Why, let's see. I was at your house till ten; then I came home and went to bed. Why do you ask?"

Frank groaned. "Can you prove that you went to bed at the time you say? prove it absolutely?"

"Why, no; I suppose not. But what's the matter?"

"Matter enough. As you know, I was awakened last night by Zip, trembling like a leaf—trembling as he trembles at no one living, except the man who trod upon his foot—except you!"

"What! You?"

"Wait! They asked me at the inquest just now whether Zip feared any one. I lied. I said no. But he does; he fears just one man in all the world, so far as I know. That man is you."

"You suspect?"

"An ordinary accomplice would have fled when Tom was caught last night; only a man with much to lose would have resorted to murder to save himself."

"This is madness—"

"Moreover, I know that Tom gave you the very dagger with which he was stabbed, less than a week ago."

"He gave it to me—yes!" answered Wilton, gaining a hearing at last. "He gave it to me, but I forgot it, and left it on his table."

Frank shook his head slowly. "You must clear yourself before you marry Margaret," he said. "If you like to withdraw and leave town, I will keep silent. Otherwise, I must consult with father and perhaps lay my suspicions before the police. It is a hard thing to do, but since Tom has proved a thief, whom am I to trust?"

"Confound you for a suspicious fool! Go tell your father. He is too sensible to think of suspecting me."

"I must tell him, I fear, but—I'll give you till Monday!" Frank slammed the door behind him, and walked slowly down the hall, while Wilton, left alone, sank into a chair with a troubled face.

CHAPTER IV.

During the evening of the first day of the inquest, Detective Jones was very busy. Early the next morning he sought out the coroner and induced him to again summon Frank War-

ren and Patrick O'Flaherty and to call Henry Wilton and several servants of the Moore household as well.

The first witness called was a housemaid, Mary Jones, who had taken a message to young Moore while the latter was receiving Warren and Wilton in his room some two weeks before. She swore positively that she had heard the young fellow present the dagger to Henry Wilton. No; she did not know whether he had taken it away with him, but when she had straightened up the room an hour later, it had disappeared and she took it for granted that it had been carried away by Mr. Wilton.

"Had any one else been in the room in the meanwhile?"

"No one that I know of," answered the girl. "Could any one have been there without your knowing the fact?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Tom's room had two entrances, one into the house, and the other on a porch that had a flight of steps to the back yard. Mr. Tom used to leave the door to the porch unlocked nearly all the time, and some one might have gone in that way without any one in the house knowing it. Mr. O'Flaherty used to come in that way all the time."

"Who is Mr. O'Flaherty?"

"Patrick, sir; the coachman."

Frank Warren was called next and questioned again as to the existence of any one whom his dog feared. "You said yesterday you knew of no one, Mr. Warren," said the coroner. "Do you adhere to that statement?"

"No, sir. I wish to modify it; I do know of some one, but the idea that he could have been outside the door that night seemed too preposterous for belief. Mr. Henry Wilton trod upon Zip's foot by accident the other day and since then he has always shown great terror at his approach."

"That's all, Mr. Warren. Call Patrick O'Flaherty."

As Patrick took the stand, an uproar in the corridor outside the courtroom attracted attention. "Have that noise stopped," ordered the coroner, angrily.

But the noise continued, and in a moment, Zip shot in through the open door and sprang into his master's arms while close behind came a huge dog, which would have flown at Frank had he not been stopped by a lucky blow on his nose from a policeman's club, which for a moment took the fight out of him.

"Whose dog is that?" thundered the coroner.

"Mine, sir," replied Patrick. "I told the officer he would make trouble if I had to leave him outside, but he wouldn't let him in; so he wouldn't."

"Why did you bring him here?"

"Faith, the subby said for me to do so."

Meanwhile Detective Jones had entered the room and made his way to the coroner's side. After a few words of earnest conversation, the latter turned to Patrick. "Very well," he said, "the dog may remain. You yourself may stand aside for the moment, until we hear what Detective Jones has to say."

Detective Jones had a good deal to say. "As soon as Patrick O'Flaherty was out of the way in court here, your honor," he began. "I went to his rooms with a search warrant and found them chock full of all sorts of plunder, much of which I recognized as having been stolen from different houses here lately. Moreover, I positively identify O'Flaherty as a London crook whose real name is Patrick Murphy. He is badly wanted on the other side for various burglaries."

"How did you come to suspect him?"

"I was in the passage yesterday when he was coming in with his dog and I noticed that Mr. Warren's dog Zip was greatly frightened by him. When I heard the dagger story, I fixed on Patrick as the man who had taken it. I have here a warrant for his arrest, and with your honor's permission I will serve it."

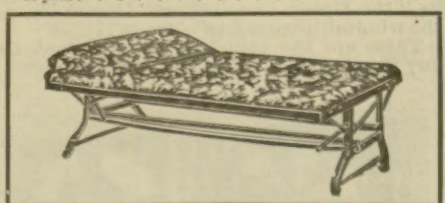
"One moment. Perhaps O'Flaherty would like to say something. Do so if you wish, O'Flaherty."

"Well, sir, the jig's up, an' I might as well confess. Me and young Moore robbed a good many houses lately. The young man wanted money an' the old man wouldn't give it to him. I did steal that dagger an' took it with me that night, but he found out I had it an' made me give it to him. When he was caught, he stabbed himself. An' that's the truth of it for yees."

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Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

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IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

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WE have pleasure this month in laying before our readers a most interesting illustrated article on Mexican needle-work written especially for this department of COMFORT by Senor P. J. Gonzalez, of C. Juarez, Chi, Mexico. Coming as it does from headquarters and written by an expert this authoritative article should be carefully studied and preserved by all who are interested in fine needle-work. The article follows:

Mexican Drawnwork

By P. J. Gonzalez.

It may prove interesting to many of the readers of COMFORT to read something coming from the frontier of far-away Mexico, where COMFORT is read and its articles admired.

Owing to the appreciation that Americans have for articles of home production, especially the goods that exceed ordinary excellence, Mexican needle-work in its several patterns is today in great demand among American ladies. I will try to give the readers of COMFORT an idea of the different kinds of needle-work done by our mothers and sisters.

Needle-work among our women has been a home occupation dating back to the foundation of the Spanish Nation and particularly since the end of the wars with the Moors in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

Here in Mexico it has always formed the greatest part of a woman's education, especially among the poorer classes. It is taught at

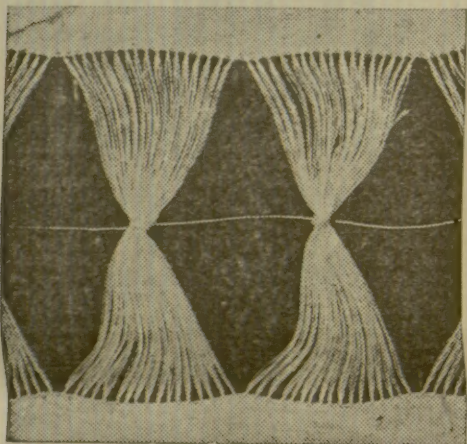


FIG. 1. DRAWING THE THREADS.

schools and convents and at the home. It is the lifelong ambition of a girl to be able to do work that will figure conspicuously in the bedroom, the parlor, or upon the altars of the church.

Drawing the threads is the fundamental work (figure 1). It is slow and laborious and more so when the weave of the cloth on which they work is fine. This step prepares the background, the field. It is the mechanical part of the work. On the bare threads, introducing new ones, the worker executes any design she wishes.

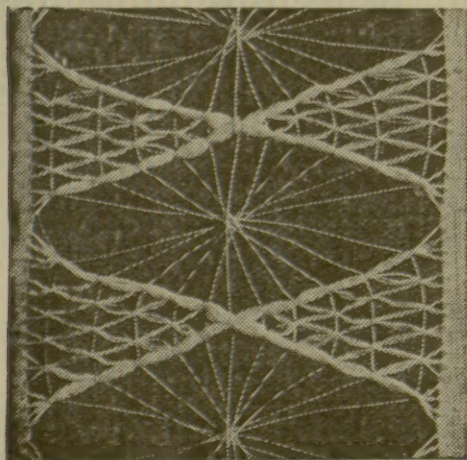


FIG. 2. SHOWING DESIGN AFTER THREADS HAVE BEEN DRAWN.

Combinations of straight lines and small curves, as in the elements of penmanship, are used in simpler work (figure 2).

For the most perfect pattern they use designs without ends—a kaleidoscope would not produce more. The women copy from the flowers of the field, the trees in the mountain, from the snowflake, pictures of which they have seen in books, and also draw a great deal from the inspirations of religion.

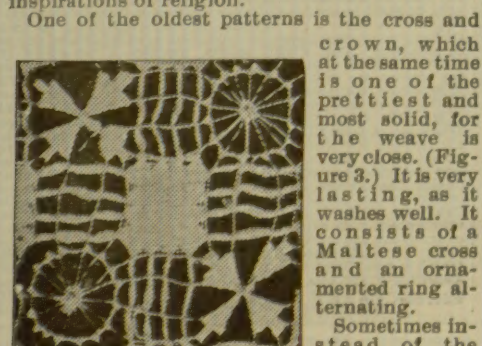


FIG. 3. THE CROSS AND CROWN DESIGN.

are not drawn (figure 4) or combine the three,

"cruz, cuadro y corona," cross, block and crown. Another favorite design is the dove figure,

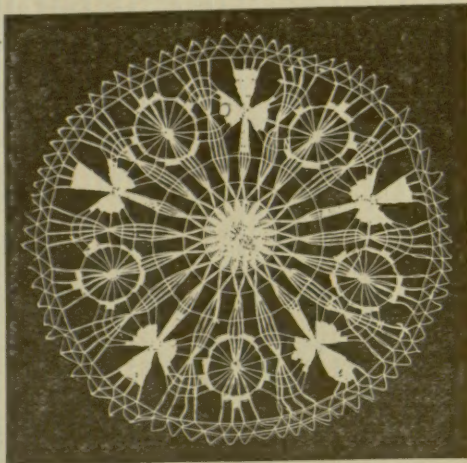


FIG. 5. THE DOVE ("PALOMA") DESIGN.

"paloma," with outstretched wings (figure 5). This design also makes a very solid weave, and consequently very serviceable work.



MEXICAN WOMAN DOING DRAWNWORK.

The ear of wheat design, "espiga," is much used (figure 6). It is a combination of ears of wheat so as to form a wreath.

The pattern crown of thorns, "corona de espinas," is inspired by catholic pictures and is very effective, especially in wheel work.

The daisy, or "Margarita," design is much combined with cross and crown, and its simple beauty makes it attractive (figure 7).

A very popular pattern with the younger workers is the "No me olvide" the little forget-me-not, which appears more frequently on the finer wheel work (figure 8). Three other popular designs are the spider-web, "telarana," the Greek line, "Grecia" (figure 10), and the windmill, "papelote" (figure 11).

These are the principal patterns that have any standing. The workers combine them in

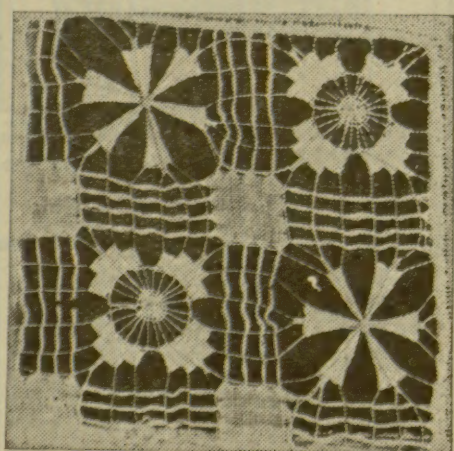


FIG. 7. DAISY, OR MARGARITA, DESIGN COMBINED WITH CROSS AND CROWN.

a thousand different ways and always manage to have something new in their work. In fact,

the great originality of patterns and combination of stitches is what stamps their work with an inimitable beauty, which beauty very few photographs, and no engravings, reproduce.

Another branch of the same art is Brazilian

point lace. In this latter the threads are not drawn. The entire work is a weave. The points are wheels, woven upon a tin disk (figure 12), varying in size from one to five and a half inches diameter. One thread twined around through the holes of the disk makes part of the frame. First thread belonging to future wheels is laid on a circle between the disk and the helping thread. From this circular thread others are passed from one side to the other, opposite of the disk, all meeting in the center. After completing the spider's web, they use the same patterns already mentioned for drawnwork with new combinations and new ideas without end, but all, as before, inspired by objects in nature, by patriotic ideas and by religion. The star, the snowflake, the dove, the eagle of our flag (figure 13), and a heart surmounted by a cross, representing the Sacred Heart of Jesus, according to the revelation, are the most popular.

The skilled work when finished possesses a most singular beauty, for its delicacy and originality and is far superior to the Tenerife lace, its older brother, as both originated in the



FIG. 13. THE EAGLE FROM THE MEXICAN FLAG USED OFTEN IN DESIGNS.

mas presents. I must tell you of what the "Thimble-bee Club" in our village did for our half-dozen college girls, during holiday week. We made them night-dress bags. Each one was of the same material—a pretty flowered sateen,—with ribbon drawings to match the ground color, pink. These bags were lined with a soft finish silk of the same color. A wide frill was hemmed at the top to run the drawstring through. While our busy fingers worked, the girls entertained us with college glees and recitations. This fairly made the time fly and our fingers flew all the faster, till the half-dozen bags were finished and hung up in a room to be admired. Their grateful owners then served us with refreshments. We had a frozen dainty, fruit cakes, and coffee, and you could never guess, I know, what the "frozen dainty" was. Oh, no, not ice cream, but something much more easily made, and for a change just as good. It was "frozen rice custard," and here is the

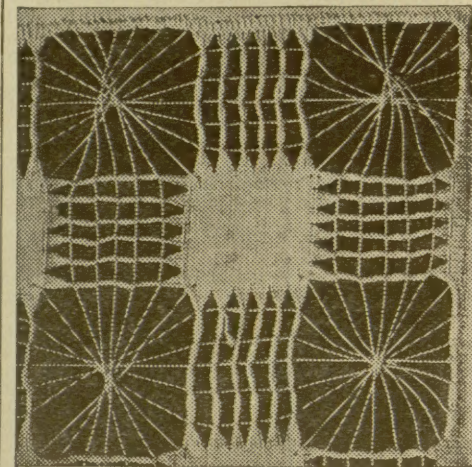


FIG. 4. A SIMPLE FORM OF DESIGN.

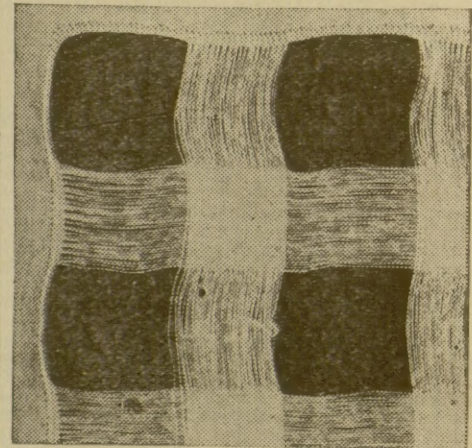
recipe, as you will certainly like to use it, some time or other.

Recipe for Frozen Rice Custard

Boil half a cup of rice in a pint of water; when that is absorbed the rice will be half cooked; finish with milk, adding three tablespoons of granulated sugar. When the rice is thoroughly cooked stir in the beaten yolks of three eggs, mix well and stir until it is of a smooth consistency. When this mixture becomes cold, stir in lightly the whipped whites of the eggs, and place in a mold on ice until time to serve. It should be turned into little individual molds.

The girls used coffee cups, filling them half full. The molded custard was turned out on pretty saucers, and served with whipped cream with sugared sections of oranges—half a dozen—laid around its base. Other fruits are pretty used this way, bananas sliced, round preserved or candied cherries, pineapple or peaches.

Some of us received pretty pillows as Christmas presents, and would like to know how to keep them fresh and new looking, for company occasions, and still be able to use them daily. This can be done nicely, with the use of slip covers. I saw one that was very pretty made of gentlemen's printed linen handkerchiefs. Two are used. They were cut in quarters, and set together so the corners which usually show the heaviest part of design, meet in the center; this was finished with a ruffle of the ground color of the handkerchief. They were sewed up as you would a pillow case, with one end open to slip over the pillow. Something more elaborate could be set together with a torchon lace insertion in seaming the four corners together. A buff ground and chrysanthemums in gay colors for borders would be beautiful made this way with a buff goods ruffle. While I have sofa pillows in mind I will just tell you of a



SHOWING THE THREADS BEFORE COMMENCING THE DESIGN IN FIG. 4.

simple top that I am making. It is made of ribbon an inch and a half wide; that is the popular width to use. The ribbons are in two colors, black and a rich bright yellow, and they are braided in and out, across a square of muslin the size the pillow is to be. The ribbons are all cut the same length. One color, say the black, is sewed to the edge of the muslin piece and carried across smoothly and fastened to the opposite end. On the opposite side fasten the contrasting color, and run each length of ribbon under and over the fastened ribbons. These tops are lined with either color used, and the cushion is simply finished off on the edge with a silk cord.

Here are a few pretty color combinations: Apple-green and blossom pink; brown and yellow, red and gold; light and dark shades of any color are always pretty. While we are on the subject of ribbons it will be just my opportunity to speak of the pretty flowers that can be fashioned from ribbons, and this will make such fascinating work for the long winter evenings. If you have some finished

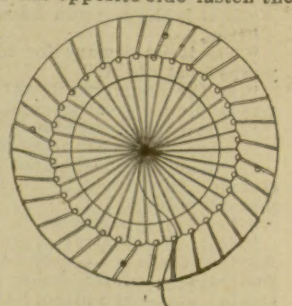


FIG. 12. TIN DISK USED IN MAKING BRAZILIAN POINT LACE.

a humble little hut in crowded city, mountain town, or far-off ranch, in quiet contentment, as she knows of no better pleasures than those of her home circle. Her needle has been her faithful companion, almost from her infancy, her snow-white linen has witnessed her early loves and disappointments; has drowned many of her sorrows and been sprinkled with many warm tears.

What the "Thimble-bee" Club Did

Now that the preparations and festivities for the holiday season are over with we can take time to make pretty things for ourselves that we had perhaps planned to do weeks ago, but had laid aside in order to finish up our Christ-

in time they will be lovely with party gowns, and in summer-time they are lovely—these ribbon flowers—with thin dresses as corsage bouquets and for trimming leghorn hats. They will have the merit of being more lasting than fresh flowers, or their artificial imitations. The

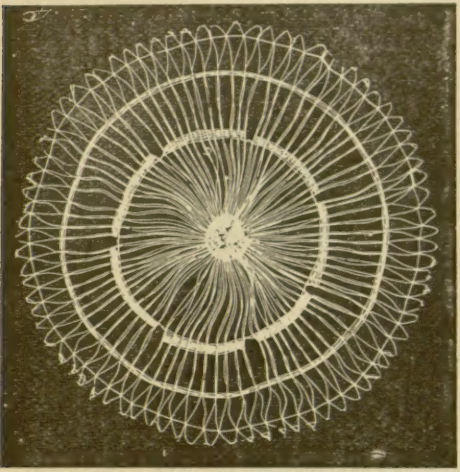


FIG. 9. THE SPIDER-WEB DESIGN.

ribbon used should be from an inch to two inches wide. Make a succession of loops over your two fingers, pinch the ends together and tie tightly with strong thread. Cluster these together around a wire stem, the top of which should be wound with a bit of green paper to make the calyx of the rose, and continue winding the paper to the end of the stem. A strip of narrow green ribbon is wound around the clustered base of the petals. To start the end sew it securely in place, then you can wind tightly; as you wind on down the stem include the leaf stems three or four of which always accompany the stem of a rose. These leaves can

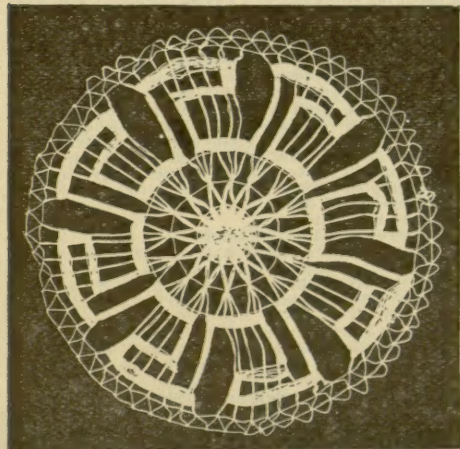


FIG. 10. THE GREEK LINE DESIGN.

be purchased by the dozen from your milliner; they are not expensive. You can imitate the curled over petals of roses nicely by turning over and creasing some of the loops with a warm iron.

I think it is time to change my theme now from fancy-work to recreation, don't you? although I have in mind something more fascinating still than ribbon flowers. However, that will keep till next time. Now, who is there that doesn't wish to be strong and beautiful, with the beauty that perfect health gives. We cannot all belong to a gymnastic club, or have we time, some of us, to indulge to any great extent even in home exercises, aside from wielding the broom, mop and the like. These latter are decidedly invigorating and healthful, but we would hardly call them a source of recreation. Try bubble-blowing. Form a club if you like, and compare your skill and personal appearance as a result, say once a week. This is how you blow, and it's no end of fun. You are to blow as large a bubble as you can while seated, blowing slowly and gradually for fear of bursting the bubble. After a few minutes the exercise is repeated standing. Then you lie flat on your back on the floor, with chin as high as possible, and blow as long as you can, at first slowly, then as rapidly as possible. If you will adhere to this practice a reasonable length

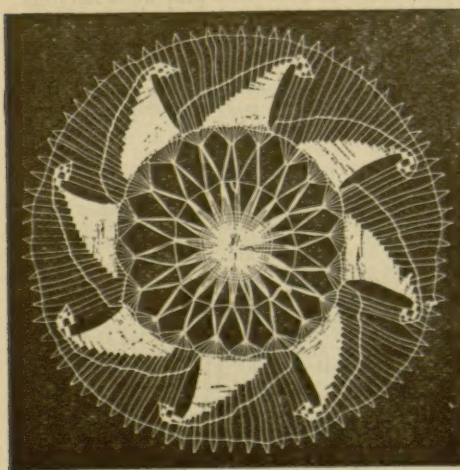


FIG. 11. THE WINDMILL ("PAPEOTE") DESIGN.

of time, say even two weeks, but regularly, you will find thin cheeks rounding out and the contour of your neck decidedly improved. Blowing bubbles is a similar exertion to the deep breathing exercises now so popular.

Another amusing game with popped corn is to hang strings of it from the chandelier, or an open doorway, or archway of a room and compete for a prize that is attached above the group of strings. The one who eats the corn off his string first, wins it. Each corn morsel must be pulled down the whole length of string to mouth level. This is a game the boys, more especially, will enjoy, as there is a great entanglement of strings and fun generally.



Contains Some Good Recipes

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a silent reader for some time. I take several papers, but like COMFORT best. I enjoy reading the letters from different sisters, as they help us in our household duties. I will give my recipe for pickling meat: Make a strong brine of salt and water, strong enough to bear up an egg, and then put in your meat. This is simple but nevertheless good. I agree with Blossome, I think nothing nicer than to cook a good dinner. I have raised three croupy children and I have found that a teaspoonful of coal-oil gives relief, also a cold, wet cloth on throat. A slice of lemon rubbed on forehead and temples will relieve headache, and the juice rubbed well on the scalp will stop hair from falling out if used once a day for a week, but should not be used unless hair is dark. For troublesome corns I have used chloroform with good result.

[Note.—We were unable to publish your requests as you failed to sign your name to the above letter. Editor.]

Likes This Corner

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

My daughter's subscription ran out and I did not intend to take COMFORT again, but I see that you have started a "Comfort Sisters' Corner," and I like it so well that I will enclose my subscription with this letter. I have answered Mrs. Mackenzie and told her how to get her bedspread stamped. I am an old housekeeper and could answer other requests if the full name and address were given. I am sending you a few recipes that I know are good. The ointment is excellent for erysipelas.

For Rheumatism

One ounce of poke root in one pint of whiskey, let stand twenty-four hours. Dose, one teaspoonful three times a day after meals.

Good Liniment

Equal parts lard, kerosene, turpentine and camphor. Mix well and apply.

Ointment for Sores, Cuts or Burns

Oxide of zinc, one dram, vaseline, one ounce. Mrs. A. BRADSHAW, Ancaster, Ont.

A Good Chatty Letter

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT FRIENDS: Have you room in your corner for one more? I do want to come in and chat with you awhile and get acquainted.

I send my true and tried recipe for old-fashioned potato yeast. (See Answers to Requests column). I hope some of the friends will try it, and if the crust they make does not rise (but I am sure it will, if they follow directions), I hope they will and call me blessed.

Has any one the words to that dear old song, "Home Again." I have many old songs, the words of which I will be glad to send to any one requiring them, if they will enclose a self directed and stamped envelope.

Mrs. L. F. I have many pleasant recollections of your fine city with its beautiful Euclid Avenue.

Mrs. Davis of Florida. How is the weather down there? I never suffered more with the cold than I did in your beautiful flowery state, but oh, in the spring how beautiful everything is.

Mrs. Baker, your toothache remedy is fine, tried and not found wanting.

Mrs. Anderson. Oh! those frightful sick headaches. So glad you have a balm.

Mrs. E. S. B., I always use part cottolene and part butter in cake; try the former instead of lard for shortening, if you have dyspeptics in your family.

Mrs. G. W. Morgan, I have spent some time in Michigan. Detroit is a grand old city, is it not? And Kalamazoo with its famous celery beds.

Alta Perego must have a sweet tooth, as she tells us all about how to make some toothsome dainties.

Mrs. Myrta Stearns, have you ever tried rubbing vaseline into the scalp to promote the growth, and return of vigor to the roots of the hair, together with massage? Fine. A happy New Year to you all. I will come again some time perhaps.

J. A. D., Box 30, New Salem, Mass.

Young in Years but old in Wisdom and Experience

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for a few years and like it very much. I wrote to try and help some sister. I am only fourteen years old, so maybe you might not think my information is worth anything, but my mother and I are in partnership in a millinery concern and have been living right at the store ever since we had it (eight years ago). Now I do all the trimming. Also go to the wholesale millinery houses every season and do most of our buying.

To curl a feather, hold on to the waves near heavy vein, taking a small bunch or lock of waves at one time, and curl with a knife, (not too heavy, long or sharp) or scissors.

I don't know how a feather could be dyed, but a light feather can be cleaned with corn-starch. Take a newspaper or any other clean paper and lay on a table. Sprinkle corn-starch on paper till you have a fine thin layer. They lay plume or feather on the paper with the top down. Next take a piece of flannel and dip in some other corn-starch and rub it over feather. Careful now, and don't go rubbing back! Always rub in the same direction that the waves run, or you will spoil the feather.

Keep taking one pinch of corn-starch after the other and rubbing as above mentioned. When corn-starch gets soiled pick up feather and shake good and if not yet clean, take new corn-starch on another paper and repeat till clean. Sometimes you have to repeat three or four times, but if careful when you first buy a plume you don't have to ever curl it. As soon as you get inside hang it near the stove about a half a yard from it, or if you could, it is best to hang it above stove, by putting a screw in

the ceiling and fastening a string firmly to it and tie to lining of hat.

Next, gloves. Put them on and (with soft, clean cloth) wash in gasoline or still better benzine. Dip cloth in gasoline or benzine and then rub on gloves. Rub rapidly and keep them on till dry. Keep away from fire.

Will any of the sisters send words also music to "Baggage Coach Ahead" and oblige, Miss WILMER RISAGER, Washington Ave., Racine, Wis.

Wants Directions for Crocheting Mittens

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a COMFORT reader and dearly love "Our Sisters' Corner," for there is so much to learn and every time I get the COMFORT I learn so much that is a benefit to my household duties. I live on a big farm; there is only my husband and myself and I would get real lonesome only for COMFORT. I have taken COMFORT a year and don't think I will ever be without it again. I would like to ask if some of my sisters would send in, or send to me, the directions for crocheting mittens, as I can't knit. I saw one pair not long ago and thought I would like to make a pair. I am just keeping a few pages of the COMFORT; going to make a book and sew a year's all together.

Your sister,

Mrs. DUTIE A. FERRISS, Box 170, Fulton, Whiteside Co., Ill.

Requests from Shut-Ins

Mrs. E. A. Ernest, Mayo, Fla., is an invalid and wishes the sisters of COMFORT would send her blocks 10x10 for her COMFORT quilt.

Diantha Davis, Box 35, Middleburg, Logan Co., Ohio, is a "shut-in" and would like worked blocks 12 inches square, already pieced and worked.

Miscellaneous Requests

Where full names and addresses of those making requests are given, readers are desired to communicate direct and not through the paper.

Will some sister send in a recipe how to make light bread like the bakers make; also a recipe for making cup cake and pound cake with very few eggs?

Willie L. Tomlinson, Finley, Chambers Co., Ala., wants the words of the songs, "Hard Times," "The Drummer Boy" and "The Baggage Coach Ahead."

Mrs. J. T. Raine, Pleasant Hill, Louisiana, would like the songs, "Show Me the Way Back Home, Babe," and "The Dying Cowboy." Will return favors.

Mrs. Pelletier, Whitefish, Ontario, would like recipe for orange marmalade.

Mrs. A. Bradshaw, Ancaster, Ont., Canada, would like silk, satin or velvet pieces.

Mrs. Geo. B. Wood, Box 355, Virginia, Minn., would like some of the sisters to send her crochet lace patterns.

Mrs. S. C. Morgan, Stanley, Mo., would be glad to receive silk or satin pieces, or ribbons for her crazy quilt.

Loesa Packingham, Evans, Ill., wishes to know how to make boiled icing.

Missing Relatives

EDDIE FIEDLER: Mrs. Bertha Coffin, 541 Belmont Ave., Pueblo, Colo., would like to hear of the whereabouts of Eddie Fiedler. Was a last heard of as being on the way to Chicago.

STEVENSON: Elizabeth Hannah Stevenson was born in Winchester, Otsego Co., N. Y., Sept. 12, 1822. She was married to Riggs Whitcomb, of Berkshire, Ohio, in 1842. Her parents were Hiram and Mary (Boyles) Stevenson. In 1850 she left her native state, since which time she has heard nothing of any members of her family, which consisted of a large number of brothers and sisters. Any one who knows of their whereabouts would do her a kindness to

address. Mrs. E. H. WHITCOMB, Byron Center, Kent Co., Mich.

Answers to Correspondents

M. A. O'Neill, Washingtonville, Ohio, and Mrs. S. Benton Miller, Thomasville, Pa.—As your letters were written on both sides of the paper we were unable to print them.

Answers to Requests

L. E. L.—This is the way I make a boiled dinner. Put a small piece of beef or pork on to boil three or four hours before you wish to serve dinner, and in an hour and a half add the vegetables, cabbage, carrots, turnip and potatoes. Use one kind of vegetable besides potatoes, or a small quantity of each. Cook in plenty of water. Mrs. B.

Light Bread—(Requested)

Take three or four large potatoes, pare and boil. When done leave the water on mash, and soak one and one-half yeast cakes in warm water, when soaked stir in with the potatoes and take enough flour to make a stiff batter, let stand over night, in the morning take two quarts warm water in a dish and two tablespoonfuls salt. Put in the yeast and put in flour to make it stiff then let stand for first rising. When raised enough make it as stiff as you can with flour, then the next raising make in loaves and put it in pans to rise.

Perfection Cake

Six eggs, one cup butter, one cup sugar, three-fourths cup sweet milk, two cups flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder; beat butter and sugar, then eggs, next milk, mix powder with the flour. Miss LIZZIE ORT, Koenig, Osage Co., Mo.

Potato Yeast

Put a good handful of hops into a muslin bag, and put into kettle with eight large sized potatoes and two quarts of water, boil until potatoes are done, then take them out and mash thoroughly. Have a pint of flour ready in a pan, and pour the boiling hot water over it, together with the mashed potatoes. Stir until smooth, then add one tablespoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of ground ginger. When sufficiently cool, add a compressed yeast cake, previously soaked in a small quantity of water, put in warm place to rise—when light and foamy, set in cool place. One cupful of the yeast will raise two quarts of flour. Will be glad to assist any young housekeepers with other recipes. J. A. D., Box 30, New Salem, Mass.

A Pretty Dressing Jacket

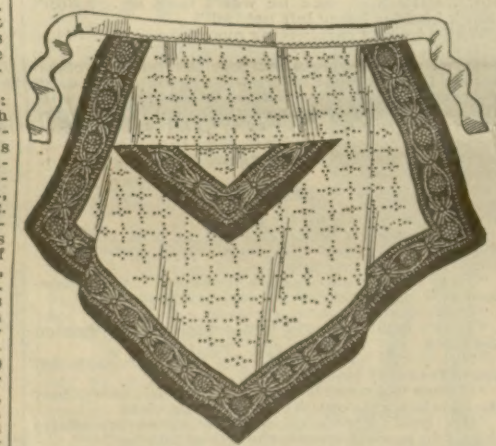
To make this Japanese Kimono with the latest style of large flowing sleeves simply means sewing together four of the large square Bandana style handkerchiefs that are now made in such pretty designs in blue and red. The whole sack can be made in fifteen minutes, so simple is it in construction.



The Publishers of this paper will send a set of four handkerchiefs, enough for one jacket, in either red or blue, for a club of only two yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each, if 6 cents additional is sent, making 36 cents in all. As each handkerchief is about two feet square, the entire length of the material is nearly three yards, and this is a rare chance to get an assortment of these goods, for by getting up larger clubs you can obtain a lot of the handkerchiefs which you can make up into jackets to sell, or for presents. The handkerchiefs make fine pillow tops or backs, as well as pretty aprons, if you do not care to make the jackets. Send the club and 36 cents today to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and get four samples.

An Easily Made Handkerchief Apron

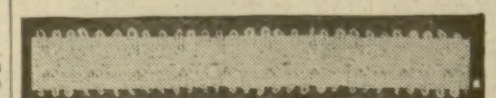
To make this apron from one of the handkerchiefs simply cut off one corner of the handkerchief and sew a piece of any odd strip or ribbon on to make the strings or tie, using the corner for the pocket as shown in illustration. As this handkerchief measures thirty-three inches from corner to corner across the center, you can be sure of a good sized apron.



We will send one handkerchief free to make this apron to any one for a subscription, renewal, or for securing one new yearly subscription at 15 cents for this paper, if 5 cents extra is sent for postage, or only 20 cents in all. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and full directions for making aprons and jackets will be sent you with the goods.

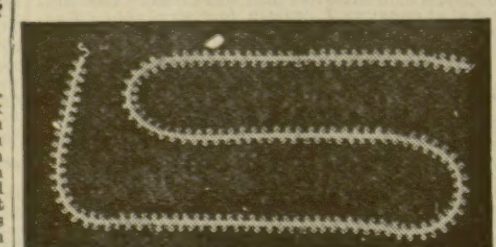
Feather-stitch Braid

There have been many calls for us to secure different patterns of the well-known feather-



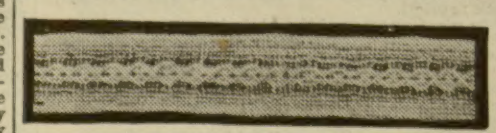
FEATHER-STITCH BRAID, NO. 1.

stitch braid. Our Homeworkers can now secure both of the two styles here illustrated, also the rick rack pattern free for getting a small club of subscribers. This braid comes in



RICK RACK BRAID, NO. 3.

six-yard packages, and we will send a package of each, or three six-yard packages of any one kind, for a club of three yearly subscribers to this paper at 15 cents each. If you cannot get up the club and want a package of any one kind, send 15 cents for your subscription, renewal, or extension, and 5 cents extra for postage, etc., 20 cents in all, and we will send you a six-yard package of the braid free, post-



FEATHER-STITCH BRAID, NO. 2.

paid, if you address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, giving the number of style of braid wanted. The cuts show the braid exact width.

Jack Harkaway In Search of the Mountain of Gold

By Bracebridge Hemyng

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

By reading this, new subscribers may commence the story in this issue.

A thief breaks into Jack Harkaway's home in England and robs Jack's wife, Viola, and Harvey's wife, Hilda, of their jewels. The thief is captured and proves to be Arthur Hunston, brother of Jack's old enemy, Young Hunston threatens, if arrested, to inform on Harvey's brother, who has been embezzling from the bank where he is employed. Jack decides to settle the matter with a fist fight in which he is victorious. After giving up the jewels Hunston is released. Harvey goes to London to help his brother, who on realizing that his crime is discovered, shoots himself. Harkaway and his friends with their wives start for America in search of the Mountain of Gold. Just before leaving Jack receives a telegram from his son stating that he has run away from school and is off to America on Harvey's yacht. Jack hires a French guide named Cabuchon. Jack receives a note signed "Blonde" asking him to meet the writer at the capitol. He keeps the appointment and is warned by a lady (whom he discovers to be Cabuchon's wife) that he is in danger from some one he is associated with. Cabuchon discovers that his wife has been in communication with Harkaway and forces her to take laudanum and leaves her supposedly dead. She revives, however, and leaves Washington with her maid, determined to revenge herself on Cabuchon. Hunston, disguised with a false beard and a hump, is introduced to the Harkaway party as Mr. Reed of Nevada, and joins the expedition, which starts for the West and arrives at Josh Ward's. Hunston picks a quarrel with Harvey and attempts to stab him, but is held back by Lyle. Later in the day he attempts to stab Josh Ward from behind while the latter is in the woods. Cabuchon and Hunston then make their escape with two horses from Ward's stable. The Harkaway party start for the Black Hills, but are overtaken by the soldiers and their equipment is confiscated and burned, as they are breaking the government regulations in invading the Indian Territory. Their teamsters leave them and depart with the soldiers, and the party is left without wagons, horses and but a scanty supply of provisions.

CHAPTER XIV.

WE must return now for a little while and take a look at Jack Harkaway Junior, or the "Cheerful" as they called him, whom we left entering the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He soon managed to get into as many scrapes as his father did while he was at school and college and was in a fair way to sustaining the Harkaway record when one day he received a letter from his father, in which Harkaway said:

"I am about to start tomorrow for the Black Hills. Your stepmother and all my friends accompany me. Possibly you will not hear from me for several months. Do not be alarmed. It will not be that my silence is caused by ill health or danger, I trust, but through there being no facilities for postage. Be a good boy and work hard, as, though absent, I shall cherish you very dearly in my memory, and to hear of your success on my return will give me genuine pleasure."

"Oh! that's it," was the Cheerful's muttered comment on this. "He's going to take that sucker, old Mole, with him, and he won't take me. I don't thank him for being left behind."

While he was ruminating over the contents of the letter, an order came from headquarters for him to go into the gymnasium and join the fencing class. During the course of instruction he refused to obey an order of the fencing master to fence with a colored cadet and after being imprisoned in his state-room for twenty-four hours, he was dismissed from the academy and made his way to the Maryland Hotel, where he spent two weeks waiting for something to turn up.

But, as usual in such cases, nothing did "turn up." He awoke to the painful consciousness that he must do something for himself.

It was just after breakfast, and he was lounging about the hall, when the hotel clerk came up to him with a sheet of paper.

"Your account, sir," said the clerk. "Mr. Gorman said he would like an early settlement."

"I'll attend to it."

"That's what you said last week, sir," persisted the clerk.

"Oh! it will be all right," he said. "I have not heard from my father yet."

"It does not seem likely that you will, as we hear Mr. Harkaway is out West," said the clerk.

"Oh, well, if you know more about my affairs than I do myself, what's the use of talking?"

"No use at all, sir. If the bill is not settled tomorrow, perhaps it will be convenient to you to leave the hotel. We can take care of your baggage," said the clerk, with a twinkle in his eye. It was evident that he had done this sort of thing before, and was well up to his work.

"Yes," said Jack, quietly; "under any circumstances, I will leave here tomorrow."

The clerk nodded his head and returned to his desk. Jack was on the point of going out to seek Charley Larker, who was the only one he could consult, when that young gentleman entered.

"Ah, Charley, my son!" cried Jack. "Glad to see you."

"What's the good word?" asked Charley.

Young Jack bit his lips, and, after explaining his position, said: "What am I to do?"

At this moment the hall door swung back, and introduced a newcomer. This was Ein Zimmerman. He was dressed in the height of fashion, wore diamond studs, and a huge amethyst ring on his finger, while he carried a gold-topped cane in his hand.

"Ein," said the Cheerful, "you are welcome as the flowers in May. But why is this? What bank have you been robbing? Has your grand paternal relative been gathered to his fathers, or have you struck oil?"

"No. An uncle died, and left me ten thousand dollars, which his will said I was to have the control of at once; so I drew a few hundreds on account after the funeral, rigged myself out, and hurried off to see you."

"Ah, I see. You are a gentleman at large."

"Precisely. Take a cigar, and let us celebrate this meeting with a bottle of extra dry."

He led the way into the dining-room, and ordered a bottle of champagne, to pay for which he pulled out a roll of bills.

"My word," said Jack, "you're flush."

"Do the eyes of envy gaze upon the hoard of the capitalist?" answered Ein.

"Indeed they do."

"How's that?"

"I'm dead broke."

"Do you want any of these rags?"

"Honestly, I do. Pay this for me," said Jack.

He showed Ein his bill, and the latter, without a moment's hesitation, gave him fifty dollars. Jack instantly told a waiter to send the clerk to him, and when that functionary arrived, he put down the bill and its amount, saying:

"Receipt that I shall go tomorrow."

On receiving his receipt he looked like a man who has had a great weight taken off his mind.

"May a humble individual like myself venture to inquire where your highness is going tomorrow?" said Ein.

"I'm like Japhet, who went in search of a father," Jack replied.

"In what quarter of the globe?"

"Oh! in the Black Hills somewhere, wherever that interesting quarter may be."

"Your highness's geography is limited. The Black Hills are in Dakota, near the north fork of the Cheyenne River," exclaimed Ein.

"Well, that is where I am going."

"I'd like to go with you," said Ein.

"So would I," said Charley Larker.

"My soul and king!" cried young Jack. "I'd like nothing better than to have you with me."

"What would it cost?"

"Not much."

"Should we require many things?"

"Nothing but buckskin suits, rifles, cartridges, and ponies, all of which we could buy at Yankton, or Cheyenne."

"Consider it settled," replied Ein. "I'll pay all expenses."

"Then this infant will make one of the party," remarked Charley.

"My soul and king!" said young Jack. "This is luck. They say it's a long lane that has no turning. My ship has come home at last."

It was agreed on all hands that a rapid start should be made, as there was nothing to be gained by delay. The Cheerful was the only independent one of the party, for he had no relatives to consult.

It was not likely that either Zimmerman's or Larker's parents would allow them to start for such a dangerous region as the Black Hills, where they might at any moment fall a prey to wild beasts, be the victims of starvation, or succumb to the attacks of prowling Indians, so that it was decided that they should start that very night by the last train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad for the West, and say nothing to anybody. This idea was faithfully carried out, and if any one noticed their absence at the supper-table, it was supposed that they had gone to Washington for a day or two's excursion.

As the days wore on, however, Charley Larker's friends became alarmed, and their dismay was heightened rather than allayed when they received a telegram from Yankton announcing the departure of the three boys from that place for an extended journey over the plains, the object and intention being to join Jack Harkaway and his friends in search of the Mountain of Gold.

We do not say that Ein and Charley were right in running away with Young Jack; on the contrary, they were decidedly wrong, but boys will be boys, and we cannot put old heads on young shoulders.

Mounted upon their active and much enduring ponies, clad in their buckskin suits, armed with their Remington rifles, and only burdened with cartridges, they left the confines of civilization full of ardor and hope. But by the time they had traveled a hundred miles and more, they presented

After a halt they pushed on with renewed vigor. An hour before sunset they camped, and, picketing their horses, set out in search of game, as their supply of food was exhausted, with the exception of the crackers Charley had stuffed into his pockets.

"I don't know much about hunting," said Ein, looking at the ground; "but I'm very much mistaken if those are not bear tracks."

"What do you call those by the side?"

"Look like a man's feet," said Charley.

"Moccasined feet," replied Jack.

"That means Indians," said Ein.

"No; only one Indian. He's after a bear. Now, suppose we follow the coon up, and chouse him out of his bear meat?"

About half an hour's traveling brought them to a spot where trees were more sparsely scattered around, and Jack halted to look for the spot where he thought it most likely the bear would emerge.

While he was gazing hither and thither, a large grizzly, of the Rocky Mountain species, broke through the brush, and walked slowly into the view of the boys.

"I see him, boys!" exclaimed Ein, full of anxiety.

"First shot—first shot!"

Ein raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The bullet struck the bear, but did not seem to hurt him much, for he rose on his hind legs, touched the injured part with one of his paws, and uttering a deep growl, advanced upon his antagonist.

"Shall we fire?" exclaimed Jack.

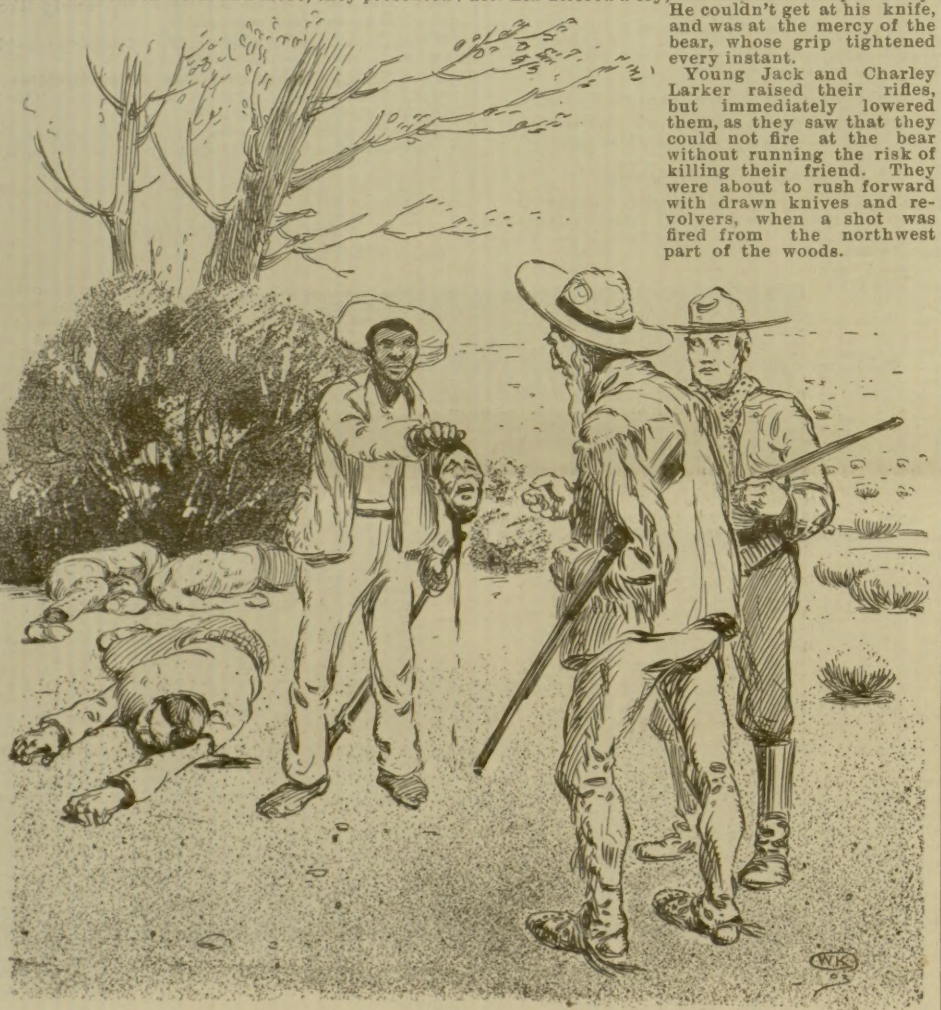
"No, no!" hurriedly replied Ein. "Leave him to me."

He hastily put another cartridge in his rifle, and fired again, but he was so excited at shooting at a bear for the first time in his life that he missed.

Then he clubbed his rifle and ran toward the bear with the utmost impetuosity, as if he was sure of killing him that way. The bear, however, was full of fight, and went for him. Ein's rifle stock descended upon the head of the animal without doing any appreciable harm, and the next moment he was seized in a hug which made him gasp for breath, and the bear's teeth sunk into his shoulder. Ein uttered a cry, and moaned loudly for help.

He couldn't get at his knife, and was at the mercy of the bear, whose grip tightened every instant.

Young Jack and Charley Larker raised their rifles, but immediately lowered them, as they saw that they could not fire at the bear without running the risk of killing their friend. They were about to rush forward with drawn knives and revolvers, when a shot was fired from the northwest part of the woods.



MONDAY PICKED ONE OF THE HEADS OUT OF THE BUSHES AND HANDED IT TO HANK, WHO REGARDED IT CRITICALLY.

a very different appearance to what they did at the start out.

Their pretty looking suits were stained by sun and rain; they had suffered hunger and thirst; they had roughed it in every way; at first they thought it good fun to sleep wrapped up in a blanket, shoot something for dinner, and light a fire, and cook it; but when it rained so hard they couldn't get a fire to burn, and, after traveling all day, they found nothing to shoot, except a prairie dog, and they met with no water within thirty miles, they began to wonder where the fun came in and wished they were back again in Maryland.

A fortnight on the plains made sturdy hunters of them, if it had done nothing else. They were utterly lost, not knowing in the least where they were, never seeing any one to tell the way, and indeed they did not know where they were going to, as the Black Hills is a vague and wide region; but still they pressed onward.

About the middle of a warm day they halted to rest their horses.

"Look at that charred and blackened stuff over there," remarked Jack. "Somebody's had a big fire."

Among the heaped up debris, they saw the wheels of wagons, a quantity of cans full of various things which had escaped the action of the fire, hoops of barrels, partly consumed flour, bits of harness, etc. Conspicuous among the wreck was a large tin which contained crackers, little the worse for the flames. But this did not surprise him so much as what he saw written inside the lid.

On the tin was painted with a brush, "Jack Harkaway Expedition. No. 10."

"Some wagons have evidently been burned here," said Ein.

"Yes," said Charley. "It's all that remains of the Harkaway Expedition. I'll bet the soldiers pounced on them hereabouts and burned all their supplies, and they have gone on the best way they could."

"Or gone back," said Ein.

"No," said the Cheerful. "I know the governor too well for that. He'd never go back. It seems to me we've struck the right track; and they can't be far ahead, either, as these ashes haven't been touched by the rain, and it's just three days since we had a storm."

"Your reasoning is not bad," said Charley, filling his pockets with crackers.

"Hurrah! boys. We struck the trail at last by a fluke, and it's our own fault if we don't follow it up good," continued the Cheerful.

Ein Zimmerman and the bear fell to the ground together, apparently both mortally wounded, for the bullet fired by this unknown marksman seemed to have gone through bear and boy. The close, tenacious grip did not for a moment relax, but presently the paw unclosed, the body quivered convulsively, and the huge bear keeled over on his side.

At the same time a loud war whoop was heard. A painted Indian sprang from behind a tree; it was he who had fired the shot. Darting forward, he drew his knife, and seizing Ein's fair hair, was about to take his scalp, when Young Jack and Charley took up their rifles and fired together.

Charley missed his shot, but Young Jack put a bullet in the Indian's arm, which made him drop from his hand, and the limb hang powerless by his side. But quick as lightning he fell on one knee, raised his rifle with his uninjured hand, and resting the barrel on his knee, he sent a bullet toward Charley Larker, who was a little in advance of his companion.

"Oh, God! I'm hit!" cried Charley, as he pressed his hand to his heart, and sank to the ground, staining it with his blood.

Young Jack had now a chance to fire his second shot, which he did, with more skill and success than he had displayed before and been favored with. He was dead and the Cheerful had conquered.

But at what a cost!

Where were Ein Zimmerman and Charley Larker? Both lying bathed in their gore.

Horried at this awfully sudden and totally unexpected state of things, Jack, trembling in every limb with concern and grief, approached Charley. He placed his hand to his heart. Charley Larker was dead.

"Poor Charley!" said Jack, the tears coming into his eyes. "I wish it had been me!"

Wishing was useless, and taking one more glance at the once merry face, now rigid in death, Jack went on to the spot where bear, Indian and Ein were lying huddled together in a heap, all stone dead.

It was a terrible situation for the Cheerful to be placed in, and stronger minds than his might have given way under it. Both his friends were dead, and they had been killed so suddenly that their death was more dreadful than it would have been under any other circumstances.

Again he examined Charley Larker and Ein to see if they were actually dead. Alas! there was no room for doubt or conjecture.

Drawing their bodies together, the boy placed

them side by side, and tearing down some branches from the trees, put them over them, by way of a shroud.

While passing by the bear with a handful of boughs Jack saw something which arrested his attention. This was a piece of striped cotton and a piece of common white paper, both of which had stuck to the claws of the bear. The cotton had presumably been torn from the dress of a woman. He removed both the cotton-print and the paper, on the latter something being written in pencil. It was rudely done, as if by a person who knew very little of English, and had received no education.

This was it: "See A double ell on the Be 80."

For a while Jack couldn't make this out, and he puzzled over it with some curiosity, in spite of the terrible depression of mind from which he was suffering.

"See A double ell on the Be 80!" he repeated to himself again and again. "What in the name of the phosphorous Sixty-ninth does that mean?"

Then he repeated it quicker and quicker, on the phonetic principle, to see if he could make any sense of it.

This time he succeeded.

"CALL L. 'See a double ell.' Good," he muttered, "On the—that's plain enough—B A T. 'Be 80.' Now you've got it, can't you keep it? 'Call on the Bat.' Good enough."

He reflected a moment, and then went on.

"Some girl had this paper in her hand. That dead Indian wrote it. He, no doubt, is the bat. The bear set upon her while waiting for the bat, and killed her. The Indian followed up the bear. Hence the tragedy."

Jack could do nothing more for his dead companions, and he determined to explore the mystery thoroughly.

Finding the spot at which the bear had come into view, Jack looked for his tracks, and had not proceeded more than a dozen yards before he came upon a sight which at any other time would have appalled him. Now, it did not curdle his blood or stiffen his hair, for he had supped full of horrors that afternoon.

Before him, horribly mangled with the claws of the bear, lay the body of a young woman. She was perfectly white, though her complexion had a slight olive tinge, and her hair was dark as that of the daughters of Italy. She was dead, and had been so, apparently, for more than half an hour, as the body was rapidly becoming cold. Her dress was torn, her face and breast lacerated, her arms bitten, and the jugular vein was scratched open, this having been the cause of death, as the quantity of blood which saturated the ground abundantly testified. Taking the girl by the shoulders, he dragged the corpse to the open space, where, on the long, trampled grass, the other victims of this tragedy were laid out.

"One more!" said Jack.

Then he counted on his finger:

"One, two, three, four, and the bear five—five lives lost all in a moment, as it were, and all because this Indian asked this girl to meet him. Well, it's a funny world! Wonder who the girl is, and how she got here?"

A ring on her finger arrested his gaze, and looking closely at it, he read the name "Anita," and underneath, in smaller letters, were the words, "From Fannie."

Young Jack did not know anything about Mrs. Cabuchon, and her flight from Washington had Anita to seek an asylum among the Indians, or he would have come to the conclusion that the Blonde Beauty was not far off.

"Poor Anita!" he said to himself, "you are very young and too pretty to die. I'll bury you with the redskin. In life you were together; in death you shall not be separated."

He began to dig a grave with his knife, and made rapid progress, the ground being damp and of a sandy nature. But when he had dug, and it was deep enough to contain the bodies of his two friends, he did not like to put them in. It seemed so hard to part with them then, and he took some comfort in looking at them. Sitting down, he looked about him for something to place over the grave, but could see nothing but a bough which grew in the shape of a cross. This, with a little trimming with his knife, answered his purpose better than nothing. He fought against the task of putting Charley Larker and Ein Zimmerman out of sight forever, but it had to be done.

On Ein's finger was a ring; this he put on his own finger. Charley had a plain gold hoop round his necktie; Jack took this.

"I must have some keepsake of the dear old boys," he said.

Then he reverently laid them in the grave, their placid faces upturned to the sky, and they looking as if they had only gone to sleep. Slowly he let the sand fall out of his hands, taking up handful after handful till the bodies were covered, and on the mound he placed the cross.

It remained for him to bury Anita and the Indian, then he would go back to where the ponies were picketed, take his blanket, wrap himself up in it, and go to sleep, to await what might happen on the morrow. He was about to begin digging the second grave when a shout fell upon his ears.

It was the dreaded war-whoop of the redskins. Looking up, he saw three Indians quite close to him; their rifles were pointed at him, and he was fully aware that, taken by surprise as he was, opposition was useless. He let the knife fall from his hand, and threw up his arms in token of surrender. The next moment the Indians surrounded him; his arms were bound behind his back, and he was a prisoner. What the Indians intended to do with him he could not tell, but two of them gave him a push, and marched him off through the woods, while the third remained on the scene of the tragedy.

CHAPTER XXV.

While the adventures we have described were befalling Young Jack and his ill-fated companions, scarcely less momentous events attended the wanderings of Harkaway and his friends.

Hilda had sprained her foot by stumbling over a log, and it was soon so swollen that she could scarcely limp along. A litter was made for her by tearing down some boughs, on which she was placed, Hank carrying one end, Monday the other. Viola's feet were swollen and blistered. But Viya, accustomed to a life on the plains and plenty of exercise, did not show any symptoms of fatigue. By her example she encouraged the others.

Lyle went ahead, and more than once halted the party by declaring that he saw Indians. Whether this was so or not, no one could be positive.

They had been wandering about for two days in a purposeless manner, and it was by a singular chance that they struck the same path the boys had taken.

Lyle was still leading. Suddenly he held up his hand. The whole party halted.

"What is up now?" asked Jack.

"Indians!" replied Lyle.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Professor Mole. "I don't believe a word of it!"

"Look for yourself, then," replied Lyle.

Mr. Mole looked in the direction indicated, and saw one Indian sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree; at his feet was another, either dead or asleep, and close by was the carcass of a bear. They had come upon the scene just as Young Jack had left it, on being carried away a prisoner.

The Indian's quick ear soon detected the sound of approaching footsteps, and springing from his reclining position, he grasped, gun in hand, at the wooded lane in front of him. In less than a minute Jack appeared, with the stock of his rifle in front of him. This was to show that he was friendly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

Jack Harkaway

(Continued from Page 3)

The other at once understood, and dropped his piece.
"Friend," exclaimed Jack, "don't fire!"
"White man alone?" inquired the Indian.
"No. I have friends behind."
"What do here?"
"Going to join the miners on the creek. Will you give bear meat?"
"Yes. Take all want."
"Can we camp here tonight?"
"Yes. Camp anywhere."
"Is your tribe near by?"
"Not far off," answered the Indian. "My chiefs like white men. Not do them any harm."
"Is that so?" said Jack, delightedly. "What's your name, my friend?"
"Arrow-from-the-Bow, me call sometimes, but more often call me the Bat. That shorter."
"Is your companion asleep?"
"No. Dead."

"Who killed him?"
"Don't know. Not sure. Got one prisoner. Been hear kill here today. See all blood. Kill one squaw girl. Body gone, too. Indian taken it to village."
"What was the fight about?"
"Don't know. Can't say word. Put here to watch," answered Arrow-from-the-Bow.
"Who are your chiefs?"
"Red Dog, Blue Horse, and Ghost-that-lies-in-the-Wood. Heap big chief all. They Ogallala Sioux. Not bad to white men. Bannocks bad. Very bad. Kill all Corpse-maker, Bannock chief. Got white chief with him now. Go 'bout kill all day."

Jack pondered over this news. He learned from the Indian's disjointed remarks that there was a tribe close by who were favorably disposed to the whites. Whereas there was the famous, or rather infamous, Bannock chief, Corpse-maker, who was killing all the whites he could. This wretch had with him a white chief. Corpse-maker was Cabu-chon's friend. Who then should the white chief be but Cabu-chon, who had most likely fled to join his old ally in murder and pillage?
Putting a silver whistle to his lips, Jack blew shrilly. This was a signal for his party to advance. In a short time Lyle appeared. Then came the professor, Harvey, and after them Hank and Monday, bearing Hilda, followed by Viola, who limped along with difficulty. With the sagacity of an experienced captain, Harkaway counted his people. Where was Viva?

When they had all entered the natural glade or clearing, Jack pointed to the dead Indian, then to the ladies. The living Indian knew what he meant, and drew the body into the shelter of some bushes, where it was out of sight, and not calculated to frighten the girls.
"Don't be alarmed, any of you," said Harkaway. "This Indian is friendly, and belongs to a tribe well disposed toward us."
"I never seed the Indian yet 'at could scare me," replied Hank, setting down the litter of boughs, and adding: "Now, missy, out yer jump, lively. We're ter hum now, and soon we'll be callin' of yer ter supper."
Hilda got out, with Viola's assistance, and sat down on the logs on which the Indian had been sitting.

All at once Viola, who had been attending to Hilda's foot, which was now swollen to such an extent as to necessitate cutting off the boot, became aware that Viva was nowhere to be seen.
"Where on earth has that child got to?" she exclaimed.
"Who is that, dear?" said Hilda.
"Viva. Say, Lyle, where's your wife?" she continued.
Lyle started.

"Isn't she here?" he replied, looking around him anxiously.
"I can't see her. She brought up the rear, you know. Can she have lost her way, or—"
She paused abruptly, scarcely daring to give utterance to her thoughts. Lyle turned pale. He knew what she would have said, and guessed that she checked her words to spare his feelings. There were Indians in the woods. What if his darling should have fallen into the hands of the red fiends? He grasped his rifle. The perspiration stood in beads on his forehead and trickled down his face. The next moment he had plunged into the wood and disappeared.

During this time the Indian who called himself "Arrow-from-the-Bow" had vanished. Not a word had he said explanatory of his absence.
Jack was the first to discover that he was gone.
"Where's that Indian?" he exclaimed.
"Bolted, I reckon," replied Hank.
Viola began to cry. She was sitting by Hilda's side, and her tears fell all at once.
"What's the matter with my baby?" exclaimed Jack, in a tone of concern.

"Oh, I'm so miserable!" replied Viola. "I wish I had never come out here. Something's happened to Viva, and I fear Lyle is in danger. I'm tired and hungry, and want to go to bed. I haven't had a change of things for three days—haven't even got a clean pocket-handkerchief. Can't brush my hair, and oh! oh! I feel as if I'd like to die!"
"My dear child," said Jack, "you ought to have thought of all that before you came out."
"I didn't think it would be so bad."
"Look at that mound, with the roughly made cross on it," continued Viola. "That's a grave."
"So it is, and a newly made one, too. I didn't see that before."

"And here, Jack—look! Isn't that blood? Oh, there has been some awful tragedy here. That Indian died to you. Some lives have been lost. We shall all be killed; I know we shall. Why did I not stay at home?"
"Come, Vi, my dear," said Jack, soothingly. "This is unworthy of you; it is, indeed. Bear up."
"I can't. This is my break down. Roughing it in woods among Indians is all very well for men, but you shouldn't have brought us here."
"You would come."
"Oh, it's all very well to say it was me," replied Viola, sobbing convulsively.

"Talk to her, Hilda—won't you?" said Jack. "I can't put any sense in her head."
"I'm just as miserable as she is," replied Hilda, "and I endorse every word she's said."
Jack wished now, as things had turned out, that he had not burdened himself with the women, who were delicate and ill-fitted for the hardships of a bushman's life.
Suddenly Jack struck his foot against something. Looking down, he saw it was a knife. An ordinary clasp-knife, such as boys carry about with them. He stooped and picked it up.

On a German silver plate fixed in the side he read: "J. Harkaway, Junior."
It was the cheerful knife, which he had dropped after cutting the end of the cross to make it fit in the ground.
"Good heavens!" he cried; "what does this mean?"

Every one looked at him in surprise. Was he mad? Had he taken leave of his senses, that his face should wear such a scared expression?
"Dick!" he ejaculated.
Harvey was by his side in a moment.
"My boy has been here," he continued. "Jack has left Annapolis. He is in the woods. He has followed me here. I can see it plainly. Great powers! what has happened? That grave—what is this maddening mystery?"

Mr. Mole had joined them, and the cause of Jack's concern was explained to him.
"Be calm, Harkaway; always be calm," he said.
"It's very easy to preach, sir," replied Jack; "but this knife—that grave—I cannot find words to express what I mean."
"You fancy that under that mound may rest the mortal remains of the boy?"
"Yes—yes."

"That question is easily settled. Let Monday open the horrid trench and see what it contains."
"Wouldn't that be desecration?" said Harvey.
"Not in the least. We will cover it up again as soon as we have satisfied a very natural longing,

under the circumstances, to see what is therein."

"Mole's right," replied Jack. "It must be done. Monday!"
"What um want, sah?"
"We have reason to believe that that freshly raised mound is a grave. Open it carefully, without loss of time."

Monday lost no time in scraping the earth out of the grave. As usual, when on the war-path, the black had discarded his clothes, wearing only his pants, which he had cut off at the knees, and his boots. Harkaway watched him with the sullen apathy of despair, fully expecting to see the body of his son disclosed to view.

Viola approached, but he waved her back.
"This is no sight for you!" he exclaimed, in a subdued tone, which sounded harsh, sepulchral, and unnatural.
At length Monday laid bare the faces of the two boys. Mole uttered a cry.

"Ein Zimmerman and Charley Larker!" he exclaimed.

"Jack's companions!" said Harkaway.

"The same."

"Poor boys!" said Jack. "This tells its own story. The young ones have run away together. These two have found an early grave. My son has buried them, but where is he?"

"That is a mystery," replied Mole. "which time alone can solve. It is a subject for congratulation, however, that he is not here."

He pointed to the grave as he spoke.

"Fill in," said Harkaway.

Soon the grave was refilled, the pallid countenances were removed from view, and the cross once more surmounted the little mound.

Suddenly a shot was heard in the wood.

"Ha!" cried Jack. "We had forgotten Lyle. Monday, come with me. Hank, Mr. Mole, Harvey, you will guard the camp."

Bestowing one kiss upon his wife's pale lips, he dashed into the intricacies of the wood, closely followed by the black, whose face gleamed with a ferocious satisfaction. He had not altogether got rid of his savage habits, and this kind of bush life pleased him. He placed his knife between his teeth, and carried his rifle at the trail.

Closely followed by Monday, Jack pressed on through the wood. He had traveled about a mile in a zigzag direction, when he heard a groan.

Hastening forward through the trees, which were not very thick together just here, he beheld a body lying on the ground. It was imprudent of him to expose himself in this way. Nor was he long in making this discovery. A bullet whistled past his head, and a second went through the brim of his hat. Instantly he retired behind a tree.

At the same moment, Monday fired, there was a loud shriek, and the black crept forward. Again the clear ping of his rifle was heard. Another wild death-shriek rent the air.

Wondering what all this might mean, Jack glided from tree to tree, taking care not to expose himself as he had done before. He reached the body which had at first attracted his attention. His face paled.

Before him lay Lyle Leland, bleeding from a bullet-wound in the back. His head was bare and bloody.

The wretches who had murdered the poor fellow had taken his scalp, and the flesh was yet quivering and blood-soaked.

"God help me!" said Jack. "I would rather have lost my right hand than poor, dear Lyle should have come to this."

Lyle Leland had spoken his last words. His breathing was scarcely perceptible, and the only sounds he at times uttered were feeble moans. Turning away from the hideous and ghastly spectacle, Jack caught sight of an Indian's plumed head. Quick as lightning he fired, without raising the rifle to his shoulder. The shot told, and the Indian fell forward on his face. At the same moment Monday returned, holding up two reeking, gory heads, on which the paint and feathers still remained. He no sooner saw the dead Indian than, with a howl like that of a wild beast, he threw himself upon him, and with one mighty stroke of his sharp knife severed the head from the trunk. He had now three heads instead of two.

Jack was horrified.

"You mustn't do that!" he exclaimed.

"Indian take um hair. Me show um something better than that—take um head clean off."

"For heaven's sake, put your trophies down, and do try to be civilized."

Reluctantly Monday threw the heads into the tall grass and briers hard by.

"Do you see who this is?" asked Harkaway.

"No, sah. Why, by golly, it Mas' Lyle Leland! Bally ho! we got 'nuff blood today to las' some time, sah. Am he quite gone home, sah?"

"I guess so."

A tear fell from Jack's eye, and slowly trickled down his face. Brushing it hastily away, as if ashamed of his weakness—which, however, did him credit, rather than the reverse—he said:

"We must mark the spot, and come and bury him in the morning."

"Why not carry him back, sah?"

"I doubt whether we could, as we must watch for Indians. The woods seem full of them, and it is all bosh to talk about their being friendly. Hal what's that?"

The bushes were pushed aside. A friendly face and a well-known voice reassured them. It was Hank.

"Heard your popguns, kernel," he said, "and I reckoned thar 'ar fightin' going on. I had to be in that, so here I am. What's been the trouble?"

"The reds have killed Leland."

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Hank, "is that so? Well, now, ef that isn't real mean of the pesky varmints! Ef they'd gone to kill me, I could ha' understood it at once, but he, poor boy, didn't ever work 'em much harm."

"What tribe do those Indians belong to?" asked Jack.

"Wall, I can't exactly tell, as the case stands at present. I kin see a body, but whar's the head?"

"Oh, I forgot! Monday cut the heads off the three we killed."

"Find one of those painted skunk's mugs," said Hank. "I'll soon pass my opinion on it ter rights. There's few Injuns I can't tell, from a Nez Perce to a Gros Ventre, or a Comanche to a Crow."

Monday picked one of the gory heads out of the bushes, and handed it to Hank, who regarded it critically.

"That's a Bannock," he said. "Hand me up another."

Monday did so.

"And that's a Bannock, and so is this. There ain't many of 'em left now, and ef yer go on wiping 'em out like this, you'll soon have 'em like the mammoth and the mastodon, and those other queer mammals we hear tell of, that lived before the flood."

"Things are looking bad for us, Hank."

"Very bad, indeed, kernel. Our sun ain't a-shin-in'g."

"What's to be done?"

"First get back Miss Viva, though she'll wish she was dead, poor dear! when she sees or hears of this, and then we'll get up to the Hills, I guess," replied Hank.

"I'm half inclined to abandon the expedition for the present," said Jack.

"What! give up?"

"Yes. Recent events have discouraged me."

"Wall, I never did think as my old boss would come to show the white feather!" exclaimed Hank, indignantly.

"What with the soldiers and the Indians, and having our wives along, we—"

"Thar yer right, cap," interrupted Hank. "I'm with yer thar all the time. It war a mistake to carry along the women. What's he use o' girls out here? Send 'em back, cap, send 'em back; but never give up the ship."

"Suppose I'm captain of a vessel, Hank."

"Wall, I'm supposin'."

"And," continued Jack, "just before sailing I make an examination of the vessel, and find that the jibboom is rotten, the plank under the top rail

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by the port cathead is rotten, and the calking bad; the bitts for the mainstays and maintopmast-stays on the port side are completely gone, to the great danger of the mainmast. The deck-house for the crew is in a bad condition; the mizenmast has been properly tongued, but not being wedged in, the partners are very unsafe; the calking around the starboard bow is bad; the running rigging is bad; and there is only a small quantity of spars and rope on board. The sails are old and require overhauling; the boats are badly found. What would my duty be under the circumstances—to put to sea, or to consider the lives of my crew, and decline to go any further than I could help in such a cranky old tub?"

"I see how yer fixed, kernel," replied Hank.

"But you don't answer."

"Stick to yer colors. Recollect that the old ship's weathered many a storm, and believe she'll ride out the tempest yer in now."

"Well, we will continue the conversation tomorrow," said Jack.

Monday had taken up Lyle's body in his arms.

"Um going to carry him to camp, sah," he said.

"Very well," replied Jack. "Hank, lead the way. You go next, Monday, and I'll follow you."

"Git up, yer animated huckleberry," said Hank. "Sail in. Yer oughter have a chromo."

In the way indicated the melancholy procession returned to the unprotected glade, which they dignified by the name of 'camp.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Note—This interesting story will be continued in the March number of COMFORT. If your subscription expires this month do not fail to send in your renewal or you will miss the March number, as all old subscriptions are promptly removed on expiration.

Washington's Watch and His Punctuality

The writer has often been struck—and now makes a note of it—with the practical good sense of "The Father of His Country," which manifested itself in everything. His personal friend, Governor Morris, was about going to Europe, and Washington, along with several letters of introduction, gave him this charge,— "to buy him at Paris, a flat gold watch; not the watch of a fool, or of a man who desires to make a show, but one of which the interior construction shall be extremely well cared for, and the exterior air very simple." What a mine of wisdom do these words suggest about men as well as watches,— "the interior construction well cared for, and exterior air very simple!" Boys and girls, remember Washington's watch, and be just like it yourselves!

Washington was a minute man. An accurate clock in the entry at Mount Vernon controlled the movements of the family. At his dinner-parties, he allowed five minutes for difference of watches, and then waited for no one. If members of Congress came at a late hour, his simple apology was,— "Gentlemen, we are too punctual for you;" or, "Gentleman, I have a cook who never asks whether the company has come but whether the hour has come."

Nobody ever waited for General Washington. He was always five minutes before the time; and if parties he had engaged to meet were not present at the season appointed, he considered the engagement canceled and would leave the place and refuse to return.

Noble trait! Would that it might become a national one.

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The Arrow of Fate

By Elliott Walker

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(CONCLUDED FROM JANUARY NUMBER.)

"DOWN, down flat!" gasped the girl, dragging at me. "He's stopped to bring George to. He thinks you're hit. Oh! you're not! Tell me! Oh, tell me!"

"Never a scratch," said I, amazed at her eyes, the most beautiful, pathetic, agonized things I ever saw.

"Oh! do just as I say," she pleaded. "I know—I know. Crawl in the brush. I'm coming. He will not see you."

As I crept in, greatly astounded, her pitiful cry wailed out into the silent woods, and up the road I heard a grim laugh of triumph. It was old Shockwell.

Very warily the girl pulled out the weapon, examining my rent sleeve with a face like ashes. "I'll carry it," she said.

At the next curve, we took the road again and ran. A hoarse shout in our rear told us that the search had commenced. We flew. For once I was not facing the enemy—my one overpowering thought being that 2.30 train. Ah! the time was so short. We leaped. We shouted. The engineer saw us. Did his hand pause on the throttle? Anyway, the wheels were turning as I handed my almost fainting charge to the platform. After that we sat in a seat and gazed in each other's eyes without a word.

Once only did she speak. "He will follow. They have a legal claim—my aunt, you know." I didn't know, nor did I say a word. I was busy with a horde of thoughts. Dismal thoughts. At Charington we should stop—a very decided stoppage. I had a two-dollar bill and a little change. There was another train in an hour. The Shockwells might come on, probably would. If not, I should take her to Farley in the evening. But there lay another obstacle. We would be intercepted without doubt. Could I borrow money in Charington? Didn't know a soul. Besides, they would be on the train we should take. Well! I had rescued her. All else was Fate. Heretofore my scrapes had only concerned myself. With this sweet, frightened, confiding child on my hands I was a badly worried young man.

As we alighted at our destination, a boy called my name, loudly. A telegram from Trimmer. I tore it open. "After you on next train with warrant."

I signed for it and turned to my charge. "Any money?" I asked—a nice remark for an opening of my lips.

"Dear me! I never thought to bring any," she quavered.

"Stay in the waiting-room," I said gently, for an inspiration had struck me. "I'll return in a few minutes."

Going to the nearest livery I switched out my solitary bill with a flourish. "A good horse and buggy at once," I commanded. "Be back in two hours. Want to drive about for a while."

Ten minutes more and we were speeding along the fair, smooth highway, and I was myself again.

My girl had made a little toilet at the station and seemed rested and quite happy. Very young, I now discovered, all her sharp manner gone, and with a delicate beauty in her repose as she leaned back as if her safety was quite secured.

I felt coarse, rough and dirty. "Where's the arrow?" I began, and she replied that it was wrapped in a paper and tucked under the seat.

"We've had a time of it," I said. "Have you any plans?"

She hadn't a plan. I must take care of her and never let them get her back.

So I blurted out the fix we were in. "And now," said I, concluding, "you can trust me as your brother in every way. I am heading for the New York line. My scheme is this. Once in that state, I can with no delay, take a position which will be an effectual safeguard for you against the whole world—that of your husband. I'm afraid I must ask you to marry me."

I set up a loud and cheery laugh at my proposal, not daring to glance at her; nor did I wait for an answer, but went on very glibly: "It will be just a form for your protection, you know, until you are perfectly safe. Then we can get a separation. Believe me, it is the best and only way, dreadful as it sounds. No living soul can reach you then. Legally, you'll be my property. Nothing can touch you."

I peeked around timidly. She was crying softly. "It's very kind of you," she sobbed. "You've run a terrible risk for a forlorn girl, and I'm sure—"

"So help me God!" I swore, and shut up.

Well, I drove straight to Barney's little hotel at Brookrippe. Old Barney's—often I'd been there on fishing trips. He was a fat man, sensible and a sound friend.

Turning my betrothed over to Mrs. Barney, I took him aside and told him the story.

We had a fine dinner and before sunset Mr. and Mrs. Cudworthy Slater carefully examined their marriage certificate with immense interest, sitting on a green bench in the back yard. I had borrowed five dollars of Barney for my wedding expenses and satisfied the old minister.

Our host sent my team back the next morning by a man who was going over; then hitched up his brown colts and himself drove us through the beautiful valley, across the Taconic range and down into Farley—a very pretty little wedding journey. I wondered what was going on at Jewett's Crossing, miles away.

We laughed a good deal over the ring I bought of Barney's little girl for the ceremony. It was worth about ten cents. And over my nuptial gift to the bride—this arrow, I said, "When you leave me I must have it back to remember you by."

Father quite approved of what I had done. I gave him a full account in the library while mother and the girls fussed over my better half upstairs. She grew prettier every minute, and I began to feel sore at the idea of losing her.

So I went over town to find Hoover and tell him if he ever saw old Shockwell to let me know, but he never did, nor any one else, I guess, for the whole outfit packed and moved away.

Father roared when I got back. "Cud," said he, "you've gone and married an orphan of some social connections, and considerable wealth. Even this aunt, her nearest relative was somebody once—poor woman. The rest are distant. Young Shockwell intended to have her. She was coaxed there on some pretext to spend a week, and has been a prisoner ever since. I'll arrange your divorce at once, and see that the child has her rights. Queer thing, very." For a judge, father had lots of fun in him.

We must go in, my boy. It's growing damp. A business lawyer of fifty-three has to keep in shape nowadays.

So when she left me I got back my arrow, eh? Son, that article is still the property of your mother-in-law, the sweetest, most devoted of wives. She claimed I had no ground for divorce and proved it to my entire satisfaction.

Let you carry in the arrow? No, my boy, no! I alone handle that. Why? It's poisoned!

Hints for Church Parties

By Lilla A. Whitney

It must be admitted that a church party, held in the average small town or village, is not a philanthropic affair, pure and simple.

Although foes and strangers, as well as friends, are cordially welcomed, the acknowledged end and aim of the church party is to make money—money too often sorely needed.

Though not designed to be a social function, much good feeling and friendliness here find vent in sociability, and this, together with the entertainment suggested by the invitation, or the supper, or both, must provide the attraction that draws out the crowd.

Here is an invitation to a measuring party:

"A measuring party is given to you, 'Tis something novel as well as new; The invitation is with the sack For use in bringing or sending back Five cents for every foot you're tall. Measure yourself on door or wall. An extra cent for each inch give, And show thereby how high you live. With music, song, recitation and pleasure,

We'll meet one and all at our Party of Measure."

A hole is punched in the upper corner at the left of the card, into which is tied a small bag made of silk or ribbon. The invited guest detaches the bag from the card, places within it the required amount and carries it to the party.

To atone for a possible mistake in the home measurement, some one appointed for the purpose stands just inside the door of entrance with a measuring rod, that the process may be repeated before witnesses; and when by this means an addition becomes due to somebody's bag, general merriment prevails.

The following card of invitation, with the inevitable bag accompaniment, is placed in an envelope and sent to each guest. Here, the amount due the bag is based upon the number of letters contained in the name of the one who receives it. Therefore the advantage of being "Tom Smith," "Dick Brown," or "Hal Jones" is undoubtedly appreciated.

"For every letter in your name A penny take, and cast the same. Within this little pocket. And if you would be very nice, Go through this operation twice, Then quickly shut and lock it."

The following is an invitation to a universal birthday fete, by which function the birthday of each guest, whether just at hand, or to come later on in the year, is celebrated. Should any wish to be reticent as to the exact number of birth anniversaries they have a right to claim, any amount, in pennies, over that number, is, of course, all the more acceptable. Perhaps for this very reason a church birthday party is generally a lucrative success.

"How many birthdays have you had? Count them over, both gay and sad. And should there be many, For each give a penny; But should there be few, This is just what to do: Multiply the small number By two times two."

Useful Things for Boys to Make

By John L. Dougheny

THE boy that owns a dog should provide it with a suitable home. The number of dog-kennel designs to choose from is quite as large as the number of persons who keep dogs. Each one has individual ideas. Some model their pet's domicile after well-known buildings, some use a simple frame structure, and some are content with a common box.

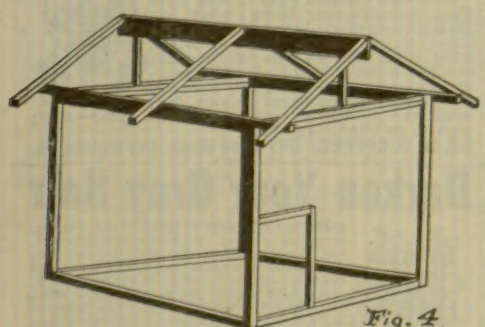


Fig. 1.

The design here described is simple and efficient. First decide what dimensions you will use, or rather let the size of the animal to be housed decide it. For general purposes 4 feet by 4 feet will do. The frame-work is of 2 inch by 2 inch pine. Cut four pieces, each 3 feet 8 inches long and lay them down as shown in Fig. 1, a vacant square space at each corner. For your corner uprights cut four pieces of the same stuff, each 4 feet long. Lay them aside, and cut four more pieces like the first, 3 feet 8 inches long. Lay these on a level place also, as shown in Fig. 1. Insert the ends of your uprights into the unfilled corners, and nail. Turn the whole upside down. Place the other ends of the uprights into the corner spaces of the first square, and nail. Fig. 2 shows the work at this stage. Now we will consider the roof. The first step is to make a frame, using 2 pieces of 2 by 2 stuff, 3 feet 8 inches long, and two pieces 5 feet long. Put them together as shown

in Fig. 3, and lay on top of your completed frame, so it will be even, excepting, of course, the six inches projecting over each corner. This is the roof support. In order to get the gable point in the center you must first find the center of the shortest sides of your roof support. Since the shorter sides of it are each 3 feet 8 inches long, it is evident that their centers will be at a point 1 foot 10 inches from their ends. Draw lines at these points and on each nail an upright strip 1 foot long, 2 inches wide and 1 inch thick. Their one-inch edges will face the interior and outside; their lower ends rest on top of the 3 feet 8 inch pieces one-half inch on each side of the central lines. They will be opposite each other and the same in height. Connect them by placing a pine board 5 feet long and 4 inches wide and 1 inch thick on their tops and extending 6 inches over each. This piece is your guide center and to it your slanting roof boards are fastened. To get the proper shape of these, take a 1 inch thick, 4 inch wide board and hold it against their outer extremities, on a slant, one end as high as the top of the center piece, the other end on a level with the lower part and extending 6 inches over it. Mark, using the edges of the parts mentioned as a guide. In this position both ends of the slant board will be perpendicular and parallel. Cut six of these, using the first as a pattern; put four on the ends and two in the centers. Next cut two pieces of 2 inch by 2 inch stuff, one 1 foot long, the other 2 feet long. Nail together, end to end at a right angle, that is, shaped like a letter L. This is your door frame and can be put in whatever corner you choose. The entire frame-work of the kennel is shown in Fig. 4. Nail your

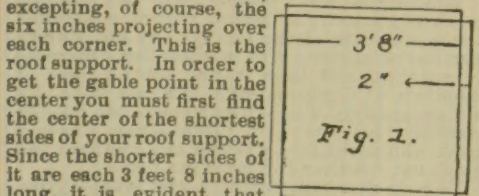


Fig. 2.

floor boards on the top of the lower 2 by 2 sills, to keep them well up from the ground. It is now quite simple to put on the sides and roof-boards. One-inch pine is good material for this purpose. The roof-boards need not be of uniform width and can be 3 or 4 inches apart. Cover the joints of the side boards with narrow strips called battens. For your door use a one-inch board. A strip 1 inch wide and 1-2 inch nailed around the outer extremities of the flat side, like a picture frame, will lend it some beauty and help to keep it from warping. The hinges are put on the left side. In putting the shingles on your roof, begin at the lower end and work up, allowing 5 1-2 inches to the weather. Also put boards 1-2 inch thick and 4 inches wide around the whole on the exposed ends of your roof frame pieces, and on each side of the cen-

ter or highest point put a weather board. Common siding is good material for this latter. This completes the job. Paint will add to its beauty and help to preserve it.

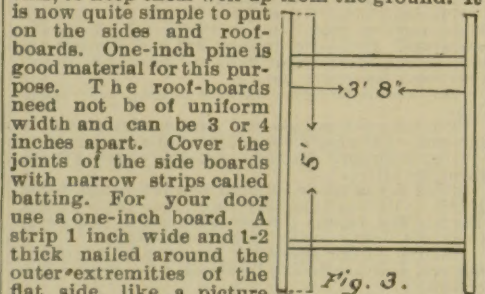


Fig. 3.

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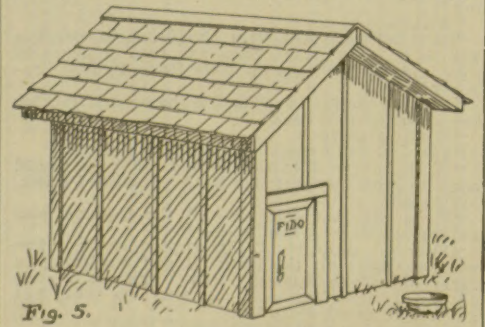


Fig. 4.

ter or highest point put a weather board. Common siding is good material for this latter. This completes the job. Paint will add to its beauty and help to preserve it.

Will You Write a Postal So a Sick One May Get Well?

Send no money—simply a postal card, giving the name of some one who needs help. Tell me the book to send. Then I will do this—I will arrange with a druggist near him so that he may take six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. He may take it a month at my risk. If it succeeds, the cost is \$5.50. If it fails, the druggist will bill the cost to me.

That month's test will show you what the remedy can do. It is the easiest way to convince you. It is the only way to induce all who need help to accept it.

I make the offer to multiply my cures, and I am willing to trust the cured ones to be fair with me.

In the past 12 years I have furnished my Restorative to hundreds of thousands of sick ones—just those terms, and 39 out of 40 have paid gladly, because they got well. I pay just as willingly when one says I have failed.

The remedy is my discovery, the result of a lifetime's work. I have perfected it by watching results in thousands of the most difficult cases that physicians ever meet. I know what it will do.

My success comes from strengthening weak inside nerves, and my Restorative is the only remedy that does that. When an organ is weak I bring back the nerve power which alone operates every vital organ. It is like giving an engine more steam. I give the weak organ power to do its duty, and there is no other way to make a weak organ well.

Can you conceive of a sick one who will neglect such a treatment, when I take the entire risk?

Simply state which Book 1 on Dyspepsia. Book 2 on the Heart. Book 3 on the Kidneys. Book 4 for Women. Book 5 for Men (sealed.) Book 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured with one or two bottles. At druggists.

Statistics of a Big Hospital

Two million five hundred thousand pills and three tons of cough lozenges are dispensed every year at the London Hospital. Ninety-two miles of lint, four hundred and seventy-six miles of bandages, also six tons of cotton-wool, and nine miles of plaster are used annually. Every day half a ton of ice and four hundred siphons of soda-water, and in a year the eggs used, if placed end to end, would extend to six and a half miles.

Happiness

What is your opinion of happiness?

What are the essentials upon which you think it depends? Money, love, health—nine out of ten persons would say. Reverse the order of the three and you'll have them as they should be. You cannot be happy if your health is bad. Neither can those around you. Ever notice how grouchy a man or woman is who has dyspepsia or any form of stomach trouble? They cannot help it. It's the result of weakened nerves. Don't judge him too harshly. You cannot expect to find a sunny disposition where pain is gnawing away the body, mind and nerves.

Some of them try to get cured—try hard, but finally give up in despair. Vernal Palmettona (formerly known as Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine) has restored more of these people to health and happiness than any other remedy on earth.

It is a purely vegetable remedy which roots out the cause of the trouble at the very start. It is a positive and permanent cure for ailments of stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, heart and blood. It doesn't act like harsh purgatives and cathartics. It does its work gently, thoroughly and with no shock to the nervous system. We want you to try this grand remedy at our expense. Write for a free sample bottle today. Gladly sent postpaid. Learn for yourself what it will do, before you buy. We know what it has done, what it will do. You do not. We take this way of showing our confidence in it. Address Vernal Remedy Co., 410, Seneca Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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We will give you a guaranteed Stem-Wind, Stem-Set, Nickel-plated Watch, Chain and Charm, for selling 20 packages of BLUINE at 10 cents each. You also become a contestant for our EXTRA CASH PRIZES, the 1st prize of which is \$100.00. Write us and we will send the BLUINE with full particulars and our large Premium List. It costs you nothing. Simply send us the money you get for selling the BLUINE, and we give you the Watch, Chain and Charm, prepaid at once, also a cash prize certificate.

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I pay from \$1 to \$1000 for thousands of rare American and foreign coins, stamps and paper money. Especially wanted, over 120 different issues, dated between 1849-1895 for a great many of which I pay as high as \$100 per coin, for the older rare issues before 1849 I pay much higher prices. A Boston Baker sold recently four coins for \$1800.

OLD COINS

and 65 coins and medals brought over \$5000. The Journal states that Mr. Castle paid \$4400, for a single stamp, and the Globe that a Galveston man found a coin worth \$5000. If you are interested in large legitimate profits send two stamps for 4 page Ill. Circ. and make a few thousands quietly. W. von Bergen Scollay Sq. C. Boston, Mass.

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BIG PAYING BUSINESS For MEN, WOMEN. Write for names of hundreds of delighted customers. Make \$50 to \$100 weekly. Do business at home or traveling, all or spare time, selling Gray outfits and doing genuine gold, silver, nickel and metal plating on Watches, Jewelry, Tableware, Bicycles, all metal goods. Heavy plate. No experience, quickly learned. Enormous demand. No toys or humbug. Outfits all sizes. Everything guaranteed. Let us start you. We teach you FREE. Write today. H. GRAY & CO., CINCINNATI, O.

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Some Sociable Suggestions

By Edna M. Sateren

PEOPLE living in the country and in small villages, derive more real enjoyment from their social entertainments, it seems to me, than the dwellers in larger places, at least, this is a conclusion that I arrived at after spending several years teaching among "simple folk," and being a participant in their joys and sorrows. It is among such people, the people who, as a rule, you find living close to Nature and to their God, that even the most reserved nature is forced to thaw, in the atmosphere of the most genuine, sympathetic friendliness and informality ever met with.

The winter season is their social one, and young and old enter into the spirit of each occasion with a zest which warms one's very heart. I shall never forget some of the evening entertainments it was my good fortune to enjoy with these warm hearted friends, and remembering how we used to scan newspapers, magazines and books to find something new or novel in the line of entertaining, I am going to write of some of our most enjoyable affairs, trusting that "COMFORT" readers may adapt some to their uses, all of the following requiring little preparation and very little outlay.

A George Washington Entertainment

This was an affair given by a young ladies' society, which was the merriest of its kind I ever attended. The young ladies, impersonating Lady Washington by being attired in white aprons over dark dresses, large kerchiefs pinned about their shoulders, and with dainty caps pinned on their heads, with their hair dusted with flour, received us at the doors and attended to us throughout the evening. After all had assembled, each guest received a pin and hatchet cut from a newspaper and were told that with our hatchet we would be expected to chop down a cherry tree.

The tree was found was drawn on a sheet which hung over the curtains in an archway. This tree was partly cut down and the contest was to see which one could pin his or her hatchet nearest the cut in the tree, having previously been blindfolded and turned about three times.

As soon as each had written his or her name on their hatchet the contest began, every one taking their turn, from white-haired grandpas and grandmas down to the little folks.

The one who succeeded in pinning his hatchet nearest the original cut received as a prize a picture of George and Lady Washington, and the one farthest out of the way received a tiny toy hatchet with a bow of ribbon attached.

Each guest at supper received on his plate a souvenir of the occasion in the shape of a

card bearing the date, the inscription, "I did it with my little hatchet," and across one corner a tiny hatchet, which had been cut from gilt paper and pasted there.

A Rebus Sociable

Searching through all available papers and magazines, COMFORT included, we cut out all the picture rebuses we could find. These we pasted on cards, and on slips of paper wrote the correct solution of each. As we began doing this months before the time we thought of holding the sociable, we had plenty of rebuses on hand.

When the gentlemen arrived each was told to draw a card from a hat, to solve the rebus, then look up the answer which would be found pinned to some lady's dress. In this way partners were secured for supper.

A Toe Sociable

At this sociable, the gentlemen drew each a number from a hat, the ladies were in another room, and as many as could at a time, stood in the double doorway and put the toe of their right shoe under the curtain. Each gentleman in the order of his number had the right to choose the "toe" he wanted, writing the number on the toe of the chosen shoe, with a piece of crayon. When the ladies appeared merriment rang high as the gentlemen searched for their numbers.

A Button Sociable

A quantity of buttons are selected, but two of each kind, tied with loops of baby ribbon and the pairing off of these buttons, previously distributed among the gentlemen and ladies, couples the company for the evening.

And so I might go on and tell you of many more simple little ways of starting an evening's entertainment, but I will wait and see if this escapes the Editor's waste-basket, and if it does I will send more suggestions.

Children's Parties

To the busy housewife who wishes to give a party now and then to amuse her children, let me describe plans for two simple ones.

For the little tots, there is no party to equal a soap bubble party. Have on hand as many clay pipes as the number of little ones invited, and the soapbuds ready, which, by the way, is much better for bubbles if you prepare it the day before. Take some glass fruit jars and shave white castile soap into each, then pour in warm, soft water. Seal the cans and set aside. The next day just before emptying the cans,

shake them well. Have it understood that the children are to come in every-day clothes and give them the freedom of the kitchen, when you have placed the basins of soapbuds about on chairs and boxes or benches and given each a pipe. You will soon see all company airs vanish. Have your refreshments simple but pleasing to their childish fancies, remember a colored frosting on a little plain cake will enhance it greatly in the eyes of children. Cranberry juice is a handy coloring for frosting, and as you know, perfectly pure. A little used will make the frosting pink, and more will produce a bright red tint. Orange juice or grated rind will color frosting a yellow hue. Do not forget to make some "kisses." Beat the whites of four eggs very light, putting in twenty-one teaspoons of sugar, three at a time, and thoroughly beating it in. Bake on inverted pans in your oven, dropping in teaspoonfuls on buttered paper placed on the bottom of the pan.

A little girl who had fidgeted about a great deal after dinner, because her mamma, being detained by a caller, had been unable to attend to dressing her, was asked by her mamma on her return if she was late at the party.

"Oh, no, mamma," the little one said, "they hadn't eaten a bite."

But to go back to my soap bubble party,—of course you must have souvenirs, so that each little heart will be made glad, having something to carry home. These souvenirs are clay pipes dressed as dolls, with eyes, nose and mouth marked on the bowl of the pipe with ink, and with bonnets drawn over the back of the bowl.

A Peanut Party

For children in their teens, this is an enjoyable affair. Have your invitations written on small slips of paper, which you roll tightly and inclose in a peanut shell, tying the shell together with a small piece of baby-ribbon and attaching it to a card bearing the address.

The contest of the evening consists in finding peanuts, which have been hidden about in all conceivable places in a few rooms, giving a prize to the one who finds the greatest number and to the one who finds the least. For souvenirs of the occasion give peanut pen-wipers, which are made as follows:

Cut four circular pieces of red felt (or any color desired), largest about three inches in diameter and smallest one and one-half inches. Notch them and sew together. Select two peanuts about the same size and cut off the top, so as to form a good imitation of a moccasin. Sew a tiny bow of red ribbon on the toe of each slipper, and sew them to the pen-wiper. Cut insoles to fit the slippers and fasten in with gum.

Fun and Philosophy

By Comfort's Own Fun Makers

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February

Say, February, you are short
And cold as anything;
But you have one redeeming trait,
Which is—you're next to spring.

It's a Wise Child That Knows Its Own Father

Teacher—"If you had been George Washington, would you have told the truth about the cherry tree?"
Johnny—"Not if I had the father I have now!"

When one of the Mikado's subjects becomes infuriated with an almond-eyed maiden of the Orient, does he fall before her on his Japan-knees?

Not Used to it

Tender Newman (wringing)—"Yeow! Dat bottle of your'n don't hold no plain sody. My insides is afire. Ya-ah!"
Gulpy Grogg (sympathetically)—"Gee! Dat wood alkylol does disagree wid some fellers."

Discovered!

Christmas now is long behind us,
Yet its mention angers Maw.
Why? She's found behind the woodshed
Those cigars she gave to Paw!

A Life Saver

Charlie, whose salary is \$6 per—"I was reading the other day where a girl was poisoned by eating chocolates and died in awful agony."
Mabel—"The poor girl would have been alive yet if she had been going with you."

Looked Suspicious

Upstein (suspiciously)—"Simon, mine leetle Ikey vas playing with your leetle Ruthe, and dot new tollar vatch ve giv him for a Christmas present vas disappeared."
Simon (despairingly)—"Oh! de vimmen! De vimmen!"

What Ailed Him

Haven't heard about the fright
Deacon Thrasher gave us all
At the sociable las night?
Just fell back against the wall;
First grew white and then grew red;
Dropped his spoon and oyster-bowl
With a smash to wake the dead!
Couldn't speak to save his soul!

Well, it did look queer, you know,
All at once to lose his wits!
Every tongue was on the go;
Some thought cider, some thought fits.
But the story soon got round—
Didn't blame him when we knew
That the Deacon jst had found
Two whole oysters in his stew!

Quite Possible

Benny—"Fader, vat vas de choke about Moses ven de light vent out? I don't see."
Father—"Neider did Moses."

It Was Cheaper

Mr. Jones—"Jenkins is coming tonight to collect that bill for ninety dollars. I wish I could get out of it."
Mrs. J.—"But you won't be here. You're going to the church fair with me."
Mr. J. (after considering)—"No, I guess I'll stay and see Jenkins."

Received His Deserts

Mr. Cohen—"Who vos dot feller dey took out of your clothing store dis morning in der ambulance?"
Mr. Silberstein—"Him? Hal! Dot vos a chackass vot tried to sell me a patent fire extinguisher!"

Death Changes All Things

Markly—"That fellow there used to be a relation of mine."
Reston—"Ain't he now?"
Markly—"Not much. When my wife was alive, he was my brother-in-law, but he ain't any more, now she's dead."

Not a Testimonial

Udolphus Jones, when he felt bad,
Wore Blank's Electric Liver Pad.
But now Udolph has crossed the River.
He died of an electric liver!

"Oh, this just makes me boil!" remarked the custard in the gas-oven.
"Don't worry about it," murmured the pan.
"After all, it's nothing but hot air, you know."

The Futility of Battle

"Yes, siree! This here thing o' fightin' an' fightin' is all blamed foolishness!" announced Mr. Higgins, to the assembly at the store. "Look a' England, now. She went an' spent land knows how much in that Boer war—for what? A pesky little passel o' land she didn't want nohow! An' there's these here Philipo Islands. What'n tunket good did all them fellers do that fit, bled an' died? Jest give this United States a bunch o' measley little flea-bitten islands that wa'n't no good, anyhow. An' how 'bout Russia makin' all that time 'bout China? What good's a part o' China goin' ter do Russia? Bah! It's all blamed nonsense! Isay, it's jest clean idioticness ter go an' fight fer what ye don't need; an' I can tell ye, if I had my say down ter Wash- ington—huh! How'd I come out in that lawsit ag'in Joe Dobbs? By Jimminy! I licked him!" snorted Mr. Higgins, turning fiercely upon the inquirer. "Yes, sir! I licked him good! Why, that sneakin' cuss had his barb-wire fence a bull gosh-durned twenty feet on my property, where it runs through the timber. Cost money, by ginger! but I licked him. Huh! No, I know I ain't usin' that timber lot, but they's no tellin' when I may want ter. But as I was sayin' 'bout these here Philipo Islands—"



Higher Eddication

"Waal, by gum!" snapped Mr. Higgins, sourly regarding his son, who had lately returned from college for a visit. "I guess ye know blamed well I ain't ther man to stand in the way o' this cussed higher eddication! I paid out 'bout two hundred dollars fer all them Greek 'n Latin books that I'll swan no man on airth kin read, much less you—didn't I? An' I guess I choked down any remarks I might 'a' made last summer, when ye tramped the hull durned lawn ter shreds with yer cussed lorn tennis. An' I dunno's I was indecent 'nough ter say what I felt when ye brought hum them two Willie boys with their banjoes, fer a visit, an' they turned our peaceful hum into blanked Hades Pandemonium every mortal night fer three weeks, with their plinkety-plunkety-plank. I didn't say nothin', fer I took it as a part o' the higher eddication. But by George!" yelled Mr. Higgins, glaring at a pile of feathers at his feet, "when you go an' start out with a bundle o' fool sticks on yer back, an' knock the life clean out o' the best fowls I got on the place with yer cussed golf balls,—waal, you kin bet that's the end o' the higher eddication. You git out in that thar ten-acre lot an' plow, b' Gosh! An' yer higher eddication kin go ter blazes!"



Eve—"Adam, would you just as leaf I got some new clothes?"
Adam—"I don't care a fig what you get."

The Deep-Thinking Old Lady Says

Ef it takes a hundred an' fifty pound grindstone to put an edge on a two-ounce knife, ain't it queer in' 'll put an edge on a hundred an' fifty pound woman?

The feller that goes to work to live down his sins right in the same place he committed 'em would have a whole lot easier life ahead ef he took to pushin' camels through needles' eyes as a reg'lar business.

When a man marries, his trouble begins—only he don't gen'ly realize it till some time afterwards.

The downright meanest gossip in the hull town's the one that tears her neighbors to pieces so hard an' steady, while she's visitin' you, that you don't get no chance ter tear your own neighbors to pieces.

Ef you happen ter hev a skeleton in any o' the closets, keep the door closed good an' tight, so's the conversational breezes don't rattle his bones.

The time to make hay's when the sun shines, all right 'nough; but there ain't no call to try an' make so tarnel much the ye git sun-struck durin' the process.

It's a funny thing that the feller that spends his lifetime kickin' 'cause it's cold in winter an' hot in summer 's usually the same chap that don't make no effort to warm his blood by shovelin' snow or ter keep it cool by gittin' to work afore the sun gits hot.

Ef everybody thought twice afore they spoke once, they'd be a dreadful oppressin' silence most o' the time.

When cows, cats, an' other 'sposedly inferior animals has sense 'nough to turn up at feedin' time, seems like scandalizin' dum brutes to credit some o' the men thet collects in the post-office with "hoss sense."

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The Drafts cured James Gilbert, Locomotive Dept., Mich. Cent. R. R., Jackson, Mich., after 27 years of pain.

Dr. Van Vleck, Jackson, Mich., writes that they cured him and he is now using them in his practice.



They have cured hundreds of cases probably just like yours. Isn't the chance worth taking? You try them free. Send us your name. We will send you by return mail a pair of Magic Foot Drafts—prepaid. If you are satisfied with the comfort they give you, send us One Dollar. If not, you send us nothing. You decide. Magic Foot drafts are worn without the least inconvenience, and cure rheumatism in every part of the body by stimulating expulsion of acid poisons through the great foot pores. Splendid booklet, illustrated in colors, free with the trial Drafts. Don't suffer, but write today to the Magic Foot Draft Co., 256 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

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From Factory To Fortune

How Charles Stewart Stepped
From a Factory Into a
Brilliant Future.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The friends of Mr. Charles Stewart, of this city, are talking about the sudden change in his fortunes, and business men are widely discussing the enterprise that raised him from an humble position in a factory to one of profit and honor in the office of one of the best known firms of public accountants in this city.

To the newspaper representative who called at his home, No. 2236 Austin Ave., Mr. Stewart stated that he had long desired to enter business life, but as his education had not included a business training he had been forced to work in a local factory. Being determined to rise in the world, notwithstanding his surroundings, he took up a correspondence course in bookkeeping and business methods during his evening hours, and so fitted himself for his present position without losing any



time or money while doing so. Further than this, Mr. Stewart modestly refused to discuss his good fortune, but he handed the reporter a copy of the following letter, recently written to the school whose course he had studied and which had secured his position for him:

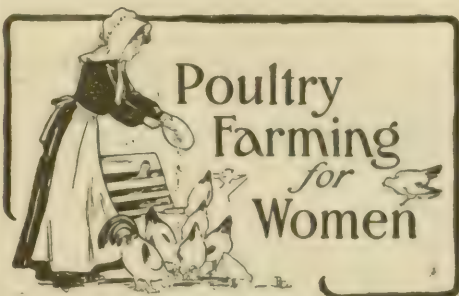
CHICAGO, April 7, 1903.

Commercial Correspondence Schools, Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I have completed your course of instruction in bookkeeping and am well pleased with it. When I first wrote you I knew nothing about the subject, but after reading what others have accomplished I decided to take it up. I had no difficulty at all in learning bookkeeping, you made everything so plain to me. I could never have gone to a business college to learn, as I was then working in a factory every day, but your mail course enabled me to learn it in a very short time by devoting my spare moments to it. I am well pleased with the way you treated me in regard to going into explanations, and giving immediate answers to questions. When I had completed the course I was surprised to hear that you had a position for me within such a short time after I had graduated from your school with one of the largest and best known expert accountant companies of the country. If I had not taken your course I would not have been able to fill the position which I have, and want to thank you for the way you treated me. I wish your school success, as it has been the means of opening up to me a bright and successful future. No one could treat me better than you have done. If any one has any doubt of your ability to teach him bookkeeping, I would be glad for you to refer him to me.

Wishing you continued success,
I am yours respectfully,
CHARLES STEWART,
2236 Austin Avenue.

The Commercial Correspondence Schools will send to any ambitious young man or woman a free book, entitled "How to Succeed in Business," which is the same book that started Mr. Stewart on the road to success. This book tells how you can learn bookkeeping and pay your tuition after you have been placed in a paying and permanent position. It fully explains the most wonderful system of accounting ever devised, and is full of valuable information that will help you to succeed in life and push you forward in business. A limited number of these books will be sent absolutely free to any ambitious person who sincerely desires to better his position in life. All you need to do is to send your name and address on a postal card, and you will receive the book by return post. Address Commercial Correspondence Schools, 26 D, Schools Buildings, Rochester, N. Y.



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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AS last month was devoted to incubation, homes for motherless babies shall now receive attention.

The large sectional house was my first experience. I didn't like it. Why? First, it's a large outlay all at once. Second, if you have only a hundred chicks out early in the season the whole house has to be heated. Last, if an accident happens to the heater when all the sections were occupied, all would suffer.

With the individual brooder I adopted three years ago there are numerous advantages. You can purchase one at a time. Your expense is heating one necessary space only. If an accident happens to one lamp, the others would not be affected.

If you have an incubator that holds one hundred and sixty eggs, you will need two brooders of one hundred chick size. The indoor kind is a little cheaper than the outdoor, but you must have a house to put them in; the outside machines are complete in themselves.

Having a feedhouse with a stove in it we use both, the indoor for a month early in the year, the other about a month later, when the weather makes it possible for the babies to run on the earth. If the brooder is supposed to hold a hundred, fifty will do nicely in it, twenty-five splendidly. Crowding is disastrous. The round hover used in nearly all the artificial mothers nowadays does away to a great extent with the crushing up into corners, but even now the natural tendency of the chicks is to pile up one on top of the other, usually causing the death of the under ones. This is especially the case if the "mother" is not kept warm enough. For this reason small flocks grow out and thrive much better than large ones.

Each year I have made the experiment of taking five chicks, putting them into a box two feet square. At night an old blanket is spread over them. Not once has there been a death, not even a droopy looking chicken. When they were four weeks old this box was carried outside during the day; at six weeks old free run was given them.

As this was repeated for six years without any variation in the results I have no hesitation in expressing a conviction that crowding is the worst trouble baby chicks inherit.

In preparing the broods mix an ounce of crude carbolic acid in a pailful of whitewash and give the brooder a coat on the inside. When dry fit a piece of carpet or felt all over the sleeping compartment. Make a slip cover of cotton flannel to go over the hover and floor and fasten it down with large dressing pins in each corner. Have two of these to each brooder and change at least three times a week; see that they are washed and boiled every week.

The outside or feeding-room is best carpeted with cut hay. We keep the hay sweepings for this and in it the small people are kept busy scratching for seeds.

If a fountain is to be used stand it on a piece of wood to keep it out of the dust; be sure the chickens can reach it. If you have no fountain fasten a small drinking cup to the brooder. Don't think it just as good and easier to put the cup or dish on the floor, because in half an hour you will find the dish minus water plus cut hair, dirt, etc., while the floor will be wet and mussy.

At the front of the feeding compartment is a small door to open and let out the babies for a run which should be made of slats and inch wire netting as wide as the brooders, six feet long, one high, the top made to open like a box-lid for convenience.

Everything being ready start the lamp burning, at first leaving the machine lids or doors open about an inch. Close after a few hours and get it running steadily at 90 for twenty-four hours before you expect to use it. Remember that too much or too little heat is as dangerous in a brooder as in an incubator. So many beginners take the greatest care hatching, then spoil all by neglecting the chicks where heat is concerned and so lose them by the dozens.

As to heat. The first week have it at 90 degrees; second, lower gradually to 85, decreasing that until it stands at 70 by the end of the fourth week. Always take the register from the thermometer under the hover.

Most brooders have some means of shutting off the bedroom from the playroom which must be closed before putting the chicks to bed. The atmosphere of the outer room would be fatal and the silly little things will run right away from the heat and shiver to death. They must get gradually accustomed to surroundings.

If, however, your brooder doesn't possess this arrangement, close the opening with a clean old blanket or even newspapers, but do not use a board, as it's apt to tumble down and hurt some babies.

Once in the brooder all they need for twenty-four hours is a small dish filled with fine gravel, charcoal and the mixed seeds used for canaries; scatter a little of this on the flannel covered floor. They require nothing whatever for twenty-four to thirty hours immediately following hatching, but this mixture won't hurt any of them, but will permit the older and stronger to appease their hunger until it's safe to feed them all, when you can take away the barrier and allow them to run in the playroom for breakfast. Don't give them dead cold water or milk for the first few days; just take the chill off.

For the first few nights it is advisable to see that all the little people are safely under the hover curtain, for, having no mother to cluck them to bed, they are apt to go to sleep in one of the outer corners.

Don't think that cut hay or any litter will do for the bedroom instead of carpet. It won't, for this reason: healthy chicks will scratch; particles of loose material will, if used on the floor, get into the lamp flues and cause trouble with the ventilation.

Boys who make money after School Hours

IN A DAINTY little booklet, which we will send to any boy free, twenty-five out of more than three thousand bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of **SELLING**

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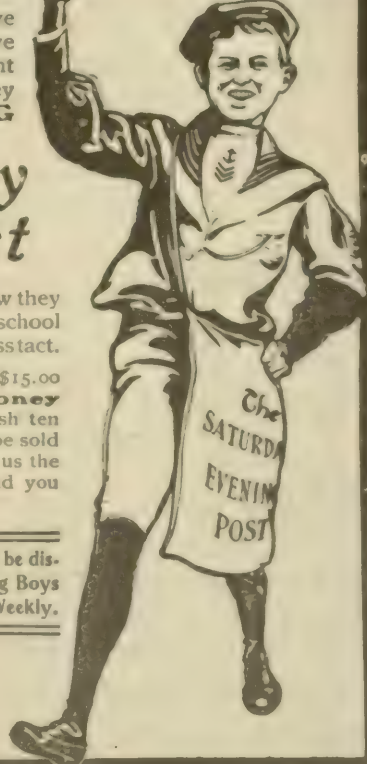
Pictures of the boys—letters telling how they built up a paying business outside of school hours—interesting stories of real business tact.

Some of these boys are making \$10.00 to \$15.00 a week. You can do the same. **No money required to start.** We will furnish ten copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at five cents a copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

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Answers to Correspondents

D. C. S.—(1) Are not all the Wyandotte family as good as the White? We are on a five hundred acre farm in Missouri and I want to raise eggs and birds for market; should like Golden Wyandottes, as I don't want to dress the poultry, I thought the darker color would be more acceptable to the market men. (2) What incubator do you use? I have a stone cottage of two rooms, well plastered walls, two windows in each room and a fire-place. Will it make a good chicken-house? (3) Would you keep a fire going? (4) Would you keep the Toulouse or Embden geese? (5) Would the Rouen duck not be better than the Pekin?

A—Golden, penciled, or any special variety of any breed offered has usually been bred for plumage regardless of flesh or egg production. For that reason and the color of the skin when dressed, the white birds are best. I strongly advise keeping one breed only. (2) Personally I like the cypher, though there are many good makers on the market. The stone cottage should make a very good chicken house. (3) A fire, as a rule, would be bad, but if the weather is bad and the birds have to be kept in for a day at a time, open the window wide and light a little fire for a few hours. (4) A cross of Embden on Toulouse or African makes the best goose for market. (5) No. The Pekin is the best table bird.

H. P. C. has a silver-spangled Hamburg Cock-rell. The other fowls picked his tail feathers out, causing them to bleed.

A—Keep him out of the yard until the skin is healed, then thoroughly moisten his feathers on back and tail with whiskey mixed with aloes. Feather pulling is usually a sign that the fowls have not sufficient animal meal included in their rations. Get a pluck from the butcher; slit it every here and there to start the blood and hang it up in the poultry-house. If you can't get that, use a piece of fat pork. Leave the three feathers alone. His tail will still come in all right, I think. Add a cup of oil meal to every two quarts of ground grain; use for morning mash three times a week.

T. B.—"Many of my birds have their heads swollen, some on one side; in some, there is a discharge from the nose."

A—Cold. Look for cracks in the chicken-house. There must be a draught which strikes the birds while on the roost. Remove all afflicted birds to a warm, dry coop and feed mash food. Wash off all sticky discharge. Mix four tablespoonfuls of witch hazel, four drops of carbolic acid, and water two tablespoonfuls, and with a medicine dropper inject into the throat and nostrils twice a day. If you haven't a dropper, use the end of a feather. Put one tablespoonful of kerosene oil in each quart of drinking water for sick or well birds for a week. Such colds as you describe are apt to develop into roup, so use all possible care to check it at once.

C. S.—"I am having very bad luck with brooder chicks. They do finely, till four or five weeks old, then they get all stuck up and die. Have lost one hundred and sixty-two the last two weeks. Do you think the heat getting down to forty one night had anything to do with it?"

A—Yes. Little chicks which get chilled have bowel trouble. Do you give them grit and green stuff in feed?

Next month will be devoted to the special food for brooder chicks.

"E. C. P.—"My chickens have scaly legs. They also have blisters that run up the thigh to the body. These blisters cover the legs and I think have water in them, for the under side of the legs are wet. Then the blisters dry and scale off. They are yellow; the feathers all come out. I have used kerosene oil on lower legs for 'scaly legs.' (2) What do you think of steamed oats with plenty of grit and very little wheat for laying hens?"

A—Your birds are suffering from dropsy. The feet are sometimes afflicted after being frozen, but as you don't say they are swollen, I imagine that the watery puffs on the legs proceed from dropsy of the abdomen. This usually arises from poor housing and care. If the blisters are large, insert a needle and allow the water to run out. Keep the birds in a dry clean coop. Add a tablespoonful of sulphate of magnesia to each quart of drinking water for one week, then change to twenty grains of iodine of potassium to each quart of water; after eight days again change to half a teaspoonful of nux vomica for a few weeks (this latter can be given to the entire flock to tone them up and pre-

SQUABS

sell for \$2.50 to \$6.00 a doz. There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. They are raised in one month; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 22 Friend St., Boston, Mass.

vent further trouble). Wash the feet and legs with warm soapy water, dry with a soft rag and apply carbolic vaseline. By the way, you say: "I used kerosene oil on the legs." Surely you diluted it! Otherwise the blisters may arise from the feathers getting soaked with the oil and burning into the skin. (2) Your feed is totally unbalanced and likely to breed all sorts of troubles. Steamed oats and wheat are all right mixed with other things. For supper feed one pint of corn for each ten birds; morning, steamed clover hay and ground feed mash; noon, alternate crushed green bone or lean meat scraps and vegetables. See October number.

A FINE KIDNEY REMEDY.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (The Clothier), says if any sufferer from Kidney and Bladder Disease will write him he will direct them to the perfect home cure he used. He makes no charge whatever for the favor.

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Sell 12 Boxes GEM BREATH PERFUME at 10c a box. Send us the money \$1.20 and we give you FREE these two Solid Gold laid Rings, one set with dark Emerald and two brilliant the other with Twin Garnets divided by three pearls. No money wanted till goods are sold. We take back all not sold. Your friends buy them. Extra present with each box. GLOBE GEM CO., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FREE GOLD WATCH
This watch has American movement fully warranted to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Gold Filled Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls or anyone for selling 20 pieces of our handsome jewelry at 10c each. Send your address and we will send the jewelry postpaid, when sold send us the \$2 and we will positively send you the watch and chain. ERIE MFG. CO., Dept. 22, Chicago

LOTS of MAIL for 10 CENTS
If you want to get lots of Mail put your name in our Directory, which goes to firms who will mail you Free Samples of Agents' Goods, Medicines, Books, Pictures, Novelties, etc. We want a million names for our Directory; to get them quickly we send every person who answers this ad: 5 good Books; 1/2 doz. good Sellers for Agents, worth \$1.50; a Map of the U.S.; a Color Value Guide; a Stamp Value Guide; 13 Songs, Words and Music; Big Catalog, and a \$1.00 Due Bill. **WRITE TO-DAY.** Send 10 cents stamps or coins. HAMILIN & CO., 551 Carroll Ave., Dept. 2, 64, CHICAGO, ILL.

LIFE SIZE DOLL FREE

2 1/2 Feet High.

Girls, here is a Great Big Doll; big enough to wear your outgrown baby dresses, which you can put on and off, button and unbutton, to your heart's desire. It is the most popular doll made. Dollie has an indestructible head, golden hair, rosy cheeks, brown eyes, kid colored body, red stockings, black shoes, and will stand alone. It is an exact reproduction of a hand painted French Doll and will live in your memory long after childhood days have passed. We will give this beautiful doll absolutely free as a premium for selling only four boxes of our Great Cold and Headache Tablets at 25 cents a box. Write today and we will send Tablets by mail postpaid. When sold send us the money (\$1.00) and we will send you this Life Size Doll which is 2 1/2 feet high, and can wear baby's clothes.

EXTRA PREMIUM.
If you send us the money within one week after receiving the Tablets, we will send with the doll, six Gold plated Ribbon Pins, as an extra premium for prompt work. We take back all goods not sold. Address, NATIONAL MEDICINE CO., Dept. 3, B, New Haven, Conn.

MOST POPULAR DOLL MADE

POCKET TALKING MACHINE.

Here's a fun maker that beats all. Carry one of these Merryphone talkers around in your pocket and you will have fun and laughter by the barrel. When you meet a friend stretching his neck to break the eleventh commandment you begin to operate your talking machine, and after you announce "Rubber" a few times the laugh is contagious and the fun begins.

It Talks by the Yard!

This convenient portable talking machine is a new and clever device for reproducing the sound made by human voices and is a wonderfully correct imitation sufficient to startle people who are the least bit nervous, or have a dislike for the uncanny noises you can make in the dark. A durable and well-made article, can be carried in the pocket and operated there or anywhere. It ried in the pocket and furnishes more fun than a barrel of monkeys. We publish a favorite home journal, well named **Golden Moments.** We wish to enlarge its circulation among persons not familiar with it. You will be delighted with the contents. Send 25c. for a trial year's subscription to our popular monthly and receive by immediate return mail a Merryphone. If you prefer, send a new subscriber or a renewal. In any case you get the Merryphone as a free gift. Address **GOLDEN MOMENTS, Box 602, Augusta, Maine.**

The Children's Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

nearly drowned him. Now, wasn't that dreadful? If Ruth wants Uncle to come fishing she must promise him that the "fish" will be only three inches deep, and that there are no grasshoppers within five thousand miles.

Now we have a letter that makes Uncle blush with pleasure.

2437 SLAVIN ST., LOUISVILLE, Nov. 24, 1903.
EDITOR OF COMFORT:
I found a copy of COMFORT and I and my children are so delighted with it that we want to have it for a year. Enclosed find \$2.00 - cash - and send us the paper for one year. It is a dear little paper, and Uncle Charlie is just what we will vote for him to be president. Very sincerely yours,
MRS. MARY D. KING.

When Uncle read that letter he was so proud and so happy that Toby and Maria had to hold him tight to prevent him from exploding. Uncle presents his compliments to Mrs. King and assures her that her appreciation of COMFORT and Our Corner has made him the happiest man on earth. President Roosevelt can now step down and out. All hail to President Uncle Charlie, the children's president and the biggest man on earth! Hooray!

Now, boys and girls, this is our first letter from a sailor boy, and it comes with King Edward's head on the postage stamp—from a Canadian cousin.

GRAND HARBOR, GRAND MANAN, N. B., Dec. 19, 1903.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
My mother is a subscriber to COMFORT and I have been reading the Children's Corner and thought I would like to be there too if Uncle Charlie has room for another nephew. My father is a sea captain and I have been with him several times to Boston, New York, Halifax and many other places. I was twelve years old last October and have got four brothers and five sisters. I live on an island about twenty miles long and ten miles broad in the Bay of Fundy. The principal industry here is fishing; we have herring, pollock, cod, halibut and haddock, our shell fish are clams and scallops. You had better spend your holidays here next summer, Uncle Charlie, and we will go fishing. I nearly forgot to mention that there are also streams in which trout abound. I fear I am making this too long, so I will close. I hope this will find a place in the Corner.

From your loving nephew,
RAY INGALLS.

Now that is real exciting. How grand it must be to go on those sea trips with Ray in his Papa's fine ship. Uncle won't worry about the fishing, Ray, for since that old grasshopper pushed him in the water he's not been much on the fish, but he'll take a sea trip with you any day you like to sail your fine ship up to his parlor window. Come on, boys and girls, let's all go aboard the ship with Ray. Uncle Charlie will go on the bridge and take charge, while Ray gets out and pushes behind. If the sea gets rough we'll all get out and walk. All the mermaids in the sea and old Neptune, the king of the ocean, will come and visit us. They all take COMFORT and belong to Our Corner and are very fond of Uncle Charlie. When we get right out to sea we'll all climb up to the top of the masts and play base ball. We shall be dressed in sailor suits, Toby will steer the ship and Maria will hand round the basin to any of the cousins who are not feeling well. We shall touch at all the famous seaside resorts, such as Kalamazoo, Indianapolis, Denver, Pampkinville, Omaha, Pittsburgh, Oshkosh and Minneapolis. Now, Ray, it's up to you to hustle that ship of yours into Uncle's back yard at once. You get the ship and Uncle will provide the water and boys and girls. So heave ho, my hearties, let go the main deck, take a reef on the rudder. Jamb her nose into the wind and hit the high waves for Kansas City.

Here is a bright letter from a little girl in Minnesota. It was so long Uncle could only print a small portion of it, and he enjoyed it very much. Some letters Uncle receives would take up the entire page, and then what would the others do?

My DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
By our place there is a lake, so it's great fun going boating in summer and skating and coasting in winter. I live on a farm and I can play the piano and the guitar. We have seven kinds of musical instruments in this house. We are having great fun going on around here now—parties, etc. I like to take in as much fun as possible. I am full of fun and mischief and I couldn't live without it. I just wish, Uncle, you could have two pages so you could print some more letters. Don't ever any boys write that's fifteen or sixteen years and older to you? If I don't see this in print I won't come again, so please will you print it I am fifteen years old.

Your affectionate niece,
H. B. (A Wild Honeysuckle.)
Well, Honeysuckle, you've got your wish. There are two letters from boys over sixteen, and in the correspondence list there are several over that age. Uncle will get two pages just as soon as we get that society going and you respond to his invitation to join. It all rests with you now.

The following would like to receive letters, they promise to reply.
Claraett Long, Lela, Okla., fifteen; Mabel Connelley, Auburn, Wash., twelve; Blanche Goff, Padanaram, Ohio, thirteen; Emma Holst, Amenia Union, N. Y., fourteen; Wesley Lewis, 2124 Washington Bldg., Chicago, Ill., thirteen; Ruth L. Londer, Carswell, Ga., sixteen; Hattie Rice, Oconee, Ark., fourteen; Ruth Loeser, Zion, Louisa Co., Va.; Jerry L. Linger, Howard, Okla., twelve; Bonnielle Tryslett, Hadley, Ill., fifteen; H. C. Howard, Nois, N. C., sixteen; Clare Lytton, Staats Mills, W. Va., fifteen; Rachel Rolto, Dugout, W. Va., fourteen; Lucy Devaney, Carlisle, N. Dak., fourteen; Edith Erickson, Freya, Wis., eleven; James F. Thomas, Leo Rock, Ill., fifteen; Alex Lark, Marysville, Wash., eleven; Will E. Bennett, Denhoff, N. Dak., eighteen, (lives on his farm all alone, wants lots of letters); Emma Johnson, Beatrice, Ky., eight; Laverna Dell, Lathrop, Calif., sixteen.

Now, dearies, Uncle must wish you a fond adieu until March. Heaps of love to you all.
Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 531 E Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ASTHMA CURED to stay Cured. Health restored. Book 6 FREE. P. Harold Hayes, Buffalo, N.Y.



For the Little Ones

To Keep Their Digestion Perfect
Nothing is so Safe and Pleasant
as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

Thousands of men and women have found Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets the safest and most reliable preparation for any form of indigestion or stomach trouble.

Thousands of people who are not sick, but are well and wish to keep well take Stuart's Tablets after every meal to insure perfect digestion and avoid trouble.

But it is not generally known that the Tablets are just as good and wholesome for little folks as for their elders.

Little children who are pale, thin and have no appetite, or do not grow or thrive, should use the Tablets after eating and will derive great benefit from them.

Mrs. G. H. Crotley, 533 Washington St., Hoboken, New Jersey, writes: "Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets just fill the bill for children as well as for older folks. I've had the best of luck with them. My three-year-old girl takes them as readily as candy. I have only to say 'Tablets' and she drops everything else and runs for them."

A Buffalo mother, a short time ago, who despaired of the life of her babe was so delighted with the results from giving the child these Tablets that she went before the notary public of Erie Co., N. Y., and made the following affidavit:

Gentlemen: Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets

were recommended to me for my two-months-old baby, which was sick and puny and the doctors said was suffering from indigestion. I took the child to the hospital, but there found no relief. A friend mentioned the Stuart Tablets and I procured a box from my druggist and used only the large sweet lozenges in the box and was delighted to find they were just the thing for my baby. I feel justified in saying that Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets saved my child's life.

MRS. W. T. DETHLOPE.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of April, 1897,

HENRY KARIS,
Notary Public in and for Erie Co., N. Y.

For babies, no matter how young or delicate, the Tablets will accomplish wonders in increasing flesh, appetite and growth. Use only the large sweet tablets in every box. Full sized boxes are sold by all druggists for 50 cents, and no parent should neglect the use of this safe remedy for all stomach and bowel troubles if the child is ailing in any way regarding its food or assimilation.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets have been known for years as the best preparation for all stomach troubles whether in adults or infants.

California Gold Mine. Send 25c. and receive a certificate for 25 shares and a handsome illustrated book. Golden Chain Mining Co., San Jose, Cal.

Underground Treasure Book showing how & where to find all kinds of metals—gold, silver, also dip-noodle compass; catalog 2c. E. G. Stauffer, Harrisburg, Pa.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office. \$60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada

FREE TO AGENTS
IDEAL MIXING SPOON
will mix cake or bread in 1/2 time and is used in 1000 other ways. To prove this we will send one Sample FREE on receipt of 10c to pay for postage and Catalogue of 500 fast selling specialties. Earn Money or Premiums. NATIONAL NOVELTY CO. 54-58 Wabash, Chicago

MEN WANTED
to take orders for made-to-order suits from \$4.50 up; and pants from \$2.50 up, for spring and summer wear. We will send one Sample FREE on receipt of 10c to pay for postage and Catalogue of 500 fast selling specialties. Earn Money or Premiums. NATIONAL NOVELTY CO. 54-58 Wabash, Chicago

NEW SONGS FREE
HAWAIIAN. Under the Banyan Tree. In the Good Old Summer. Where the Sweet Magnolia Blooms. Oh, Oh, Miss Phoenix. My Carolina Lady. Stay in Your Own Back Yard. My Banquet Queen. My Dear Old South. Home. The Honeysuckle and the Rose. A Picture No Artist Can Paint. Don't let the way to Spell Chicken. The Banquet in Merry Hall. The Holy City. Mister Doolery. You Told Me I Need Never Work No More. Go Way Back and Sit Down. All the above songs and 96 other new songs, and 3 pieces of music, will be sent Free by return mail to each person who answers this ad. Send 10c to pay for postage and Catalogue of 500 fast selling specialties. Earn Money or Premiums. NATIONAL NOVELTY CO. 54-58 Wabash, Chicago

FREE TRUSS
I have a truss that's cured hundreds of ruptures. It's safe, sure and easy as an old stocking. No elastic or steel band around the body or between the legs. Holds any rupture. To introduce it every sufferer who answers this ad. can get one free. The U. S. Gov. has granted me a patent. ALEX. SPEER, 714 Main St., Westbrook, Maine.

FREE Complete with instructions. **REPEATING RIFLE** **FREE**
Get a Genuine Winchester Repeating Rifle, a Solid Gold Brooch or Ring with Genuine Diamond, a Solid Gold Filled Watch or a Sanger Sewing Machine guaranteed by the makers for Five Years. All given for a few hours' work. Our list also includes other magnificent presents which **WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST AT OUR EXPENSE**. Send then at 25c. per box, send us the list and we will promptly send you one of the presents. **GIVEN FOR SELLING 12 BOXES OF "CASCARA" PILLS**. Compare our premiums with those given by others and judge if any other firm equals our offers. We will send a mail. If necessary to have every family keep a supply of our great Liver, Stomach and System Regulator always on hand. **NO MONEY REQUIRED. WE TRUST YOU 30 DAYS.** REGARDING OUR RELIABILITY we agree to **\$1000 REWARD** that we do as we agree. **CASCARA REMEDY CO. DEPT. 101 CHICAGO, ILL.**

EASY MUSIC CHEAP.
NEW CHART of CHORDS for the PIANO.
A New and Quick Method of Learning to Play the Piano or Organ Without a Teacher.
There have been many so-called easy methods and charts devised, but this is the latest and best. It is intended for those who have not the time to take lessons. A complete self-instructor, enabling anyone to play the piano or organ at sight. This chart is the practical result of years of study by a noted American composer and musician. With this chart anyone can become an expert pianist, playing accompaniments to the most difficult songs at sight, as well as dance music, marches, etc. These charts are valuable to the advanced musician as well as to the beginner, embracing nearly every major and minor chord used in music. It is the most comprehensive yet simplest chart ever published, and is endorsed by teachers and musicians everywhere.
To introduce this **CHART** in every home, we will send free with each chart the **"GIANT ALBUM of SONGS,"** containing 124 Songs, with words and music, including the great hits, "I Won't Be a Nun," and "The Mountain Waltz Institution." Also old and new favorites, and war songs.
To introduce our popular magazine **THE LITERARY COMPANION** into new homes, we will send it one whole year for only 25c. and also mail you the **CHART of CHORDS** and **GIANT ALBUM of 124 Songs** free. Send 25c. stamps or silver. Address
THE LITERARY COMPANION, Box 723, Augusta, Maine.

FITS CURED I wish every one suffering with Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, to send for one of my large bottles **FREE** of 2. bottles. My Remedy Has Cured When All Others Failed.
DR. F. E. GRANT, Dept. 54, Kansas City, Mo.

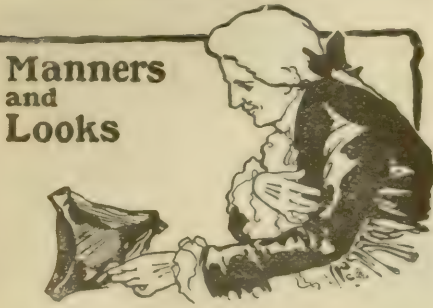
FREE We pay the freight. This is a great medicine. Send for it. It will take orders for 10 boxes of our Columbia Baking Powder from our friends and neighbors. To every one who gives us an order (on our Plan No. 19) for a box, we will give free of charge a beautiful China Fruit Set, 7 pieces, all Gold trimmed, with 50c. decorations.
No trouble to take orders this way. No money required in advance. Simply send your name and address we will send you our plan on our blank, etc. We will allow you time to deliver the Baking Powder & collect the money for you. You can send us your plan, or we will send you the Baking Powder, and will trust you with the Baking Powder, Rocker, etc. **KING MFG. CO., 227 King Building, St. Louis, Mo.**

ICURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

NOTE: From this time on only paid-up subscribers to COMFORT have their questions answered in this or any other department. If you are not a subscriber, or if your subscription has expired, send in 15 cents for one year or 25 cents for two years.

Tootsie, West Bend, Wis.—You may reduce flesh by vigorous exercise, and by eating food that has no sugar or fat or starch in it, and by drinking very little water. Eat lean meat, vegetables, except potatoes, very little bread and sleep only enough to rest properly. Take long, hard walks, or rides. It is a great study, this of reducing flesh, and there is no rule that is sure and at the same time not injurious.

Anxious, Zyba, Kans.—We do not know any remedy for stopping natural perspiration, and would not give it to you if we did. Perspiration is one of nature's ways of keeping the body in good condition, and it means hurt to go against nature. Use, in the water you bathe in, a few drops of ammonia.

Blue Eyes, Rosebud, Pa.—Wear your dresses nearly to the ground. (2) We know of no propriety in going to opera with a young man, unless it is expensive opera, and the young man is poor.

Rosebud, Denver, Col.—Wait until you are twenty-one. (2) Praise the girl mildly, that you want for a sister-in-law, but oppose your brother's marrying her. The chances are that he will do what he thinks you don't want him to do. (3) Pay no attention to the jealous mother of your friend.

Propriety, Seymour, Ind.—Yes, invite the young man to call again, if you want him to come. (2) Let him get his hat off of the rack himself, unless there are other hats there, and he may get the wrong one. Or you may get it for him if you want to.

Mrs. M. F. Tuckerton, N. J.—Thank you for your opinion. In the same mail we have several letters taking the opposite view of matrimony from yours, so you see that what one may think is right does not always apply to the others who live under different influences. Nobody can tell about the practical part of matrimony until he has tried it, and if it is a mistake for that one, it does not follow that it is a mistake for all the others.

Anxious, Canal Dover, O.—It is proper to say to your caller that you have enjoyed his call. It pleases him and does you no harm. But do not tell him so, merely to be polite. (2) Don't send fruit to the man's office "to get better acquainted with him," or for any other reason. If you want to make a present to a friend, send it to his house.

Joseph, Kenyon, Minn.—Usually the lady does as she pleases whether it hurts the man or not, but fortunately, what she does, oftenest pleases both. In your case, we should say that she had not acted fairly with you, though if she does not want to marry you, you are exceedingly foolish to want a wife who doesn't want you. Do you think such a wife could be trusted? The best thing for you to do is to judge this woman by the same standard by which you would judge a man who had been dishonest with you, and put her out of your mind as unworthy. If you will not, and persist in your infatuation, you will deserve any treatment you receive at her hands—even to marrying you and making your life a curse.

Dottie Holland, Doans, Kans.—Emphatically no, to both of your questions.

A. S., Long Beach, Cal.—A man five feet eight and one half inches tall should weigh from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and sixty-five pounds.

H. C., Houston, Texas.—Fourteen year old girls of good size should wear their dresses to their shoe tops. (2) Freckles of long standing are difficult to remove. Here is a lotion that may be of some benefit: Two parts sulpho-carbolic acid of zinc; twenty-five parts rose water; twenty-five parts distilled glycerine, and five parts of scented alcohol. Apply twice daily for half an hour or more, then wash off with cold water. Protect the face from the sun with a veil.

Merit Makes It the World's Leader

Merit, greatest medicine ever put into convenient form for quick, easy, pleasant use, the right kind of advertising, has given CASCARETS the greatest sale in the world among laxative medicines. Great successes always bring out imitators and we want to warn our readers, that when it comes to buying medicine the best is none too good and whenever a dealer offers to sell you something just as good as CASCARETS, put it down as a worthless fake and go to a store where you will be treated fairly and where, when you ask for CASCARETS, you will get what you ask for.

Buy From First Hands

When you are simply paying out money that you should keep in your own pocket.

Hands-as-dealers do and keep the profit yourself. Millions of intelligent money-saving people have during the last few years learned how easy and profitable it is to buy goods from us by mail, but millions still remain to be educated up to it. Aside from the great saving effected by mail trading with John M. Smyth Co., it's the most satisfactory way to buy goods. There's no hurry, no worry, no confusion, no nervous feeling that you are taking up a salesman's time if a bit slow in making a selection, but in the seclusion of your home, at your leisure, without the bother, loss of time and annoyance of going to your local store, you can select the goods you need from our mammoth catalogue with best judgment and greatest economy. The U. S. Mails speedily bring us your orders and flying express, mail or freight trains hurry the goods to you with greatest dispatch and perfect safety.

Our Mammoth Catalogue alouge of general merchandise ever published. It contains all the latest goods and styles for 1904, with prices brought down and revised to the hour of going to press. It represents merchandise valued at over two million dollars, and quotes lowest wholesale prices on everything, tells exactly what storekeepers pay for goods before adding their profit, and enables you to buy goods from us in any quantity, no matter how small, at the same price merchants pay for theirs. It is 21x27 inches in size, 2 inches thick, and CONTAINS 1878 PAGES illustrating and describing over 100,000 articles, including Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Slaves, Chinaware, Crockery, Kitchenware, Household Goods, Refrigerators, Bicycles, Cameras, Talking Machines, Pictures, Guns, Revolvers, Fishing Tackle, Sporting Goods, Organs, Pianos, Musical Instruments, Men's Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Harness, Ladies' Clothing, Millinery, Jewelry, Drugs, Electric Bells, Dry Goods, Notions, Hardware, Mechanics' Tools, Farm Implements, Sewing Machines, Vehicles, Bookbinding, Wall Paper, Toys, Paint, and everything needed from day to day. It explains our methods, instructs you how to order and gives freight, mail and express rates to all points. Our catalogue is a great Dictionary of Economy, a wonderful authority on values, a veritable merchandise guide, will keep you posted on lowest wholesale prices, and in the course of a year will save you many dollars on the goods you buy from day to day.

The Catalogue is Free Each catalogue costs us \$1.50 to print and distribute, yet we make no charge for it. **THE CATALOGUE IS FREE!** all we ask is that you fill in the coupon below and send this Ad. to us with 15c in coin or stamps to pay part postage, which alone is 5c, and we will send you the catalogue free with all charges paid. If you do not think it's worth many times the fee, let us know and we will instantly refund your money.

No One Can Undersell Us We undersell them all. Our prices are absolutely the lowest, and over a million pleased customers will tell you so. No matter with whom you have been trading, no matter how good an opinion you may have formed of their methods and prices, still we persist that we will save you money on it. **It Doesn't Pay to be Wedded to Any One Firm** There is too much progressiveness in these days of great happenings. The business infant of today is the business giant of to-morrow. Adaptability, keen foresight, lowest prices and unusual business acumen, figuratively give us a chance to serve you and if we

speaking, quickly make business mountains out of mole hills. don't make good our every statement, we are the loser and you are nothing out. ADDRESS: John M. Smyth Co., 150-151 West Madison Street, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Name..... Town..... State.....

10,000 ARE ANXIOUS TO GET MARRIED Many Rich, Big lists, pictures & addresses FREE. The PILOT B. S. 166 Hamlin Ave., Chicago.

\$84 SALARY (to Trade in Poultry Supplies, Buy Produce and collect, sell, etc. in your own territory. Sample & terms FREE. P. RICE CO., 63, 65 & 67, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.)

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD Send name and address with two-cent stamp and date of birth, and I will send a pen-picture of your future life from the cradle to the grave. Prof. Le Ann, Dept. 31, Bridgeport, Conn.

Your Fortune Told Free BY THE ZODIAC. Astrology reveals your life. We link of your life and a most interesting book on Astrology, if you send the date of your birth and stamp for return postage. Our readings have made people happy and full of hope and success. Address: MAGAZINE OF MYSTERIES, 22 N. William St., N.Y. City.

COMPLETE FISHING OUTFIT, \$1.00. Send us \$1.00 and order by mail and we will send the outfit at once. THE TROUT SEASON IS HERE. Outfit consists of 1-3 piece Split Bamboo Rod, length 9 to 10 1/2 ft.; solid metal nickel-plated reel seat; nickel-plated ferrules, either trout or bass style, standing one 25-yard nickel reel, raised pillar, with click; 25 yards fine line; 1/4 doz. assorted Hooks; 1 Leader and Sinkers. This price for one month only; regular value, \$2.50. Catalogue Free with each outfit. KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., 90 Chambers Street, New York.

FREE TEA SET WE PAY THE FREIGHT. SEND NO MONEY. We will send the above latest pattern beautifully Embossed & Decorated Tea Set, full size, for family use & exactly as illustrated above, to any lady who will take orders for only 10 cans of our Baking Powder, & allow her to give free to each person ordering a can, a beautiful Gold & Floral Decorated China Fruit or Berry Set of 7 pieces, or we will pay cash commission. No trouble to take orders this way. Simply send your name & address & we will send you our plans, order blank, etc. We will allow you time to deliver the Baking Powder & collect the money before paying us. You run no risk, as we pay the freight & will trust you with the Baking Powder & Dishes. We also give away Dinner Sets, Dress Skirts, Couches, Furniture, etc. KING MFG. CO. 623 KING BLDG., ST. LOUIS, MO.

OUR BOYS' PRINTING OUTFIT. Make Money Printing Cards. About all boys have an ambition to learn a trade that will give them employment and mental improvement. With our handy **Printing Outfit** a boy or girl can accomplish the art of type setting as well as printing, thus conquering two subjects at one time. These complete outfits consist of a six-foot set of rubber type; that is, there are six of each of most all the letters in the alphabet except some important letters have eight, and others only four, such as "Q." A double set of numerals, commas, periods, and four handsome ornaments; also slugs or spaces to separate words—in all about 200 separate pieces of type. A two-line type holder for printing cards, etc. It works like a miniature Franklin printing press, so you can print cards for your friends and thus make money. A pair of nickel-plated pincers to handle type and a metal case ink pad. This ink pad is everlasting and can be renewed if constant use removes the ink. With each set we send a wooden type case so that type can be arranged and kept in perfect order, also full and complete instructions how to set type, etc. A wonderful outfit for printing cards or small amount of text. Will afford amusement and instruction unbounded. Every child will appreciate one and grown folks can make use of these sets for marking linen by procuring an indelible ink pad. It is probable such an outfit as we offer can not be found everywhere and we expect to give away a great many for the slight work done in getting subscriptions for us.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 15c. each, 30c. in all, we will send you postpaid one of these Printing Outfits all complete as described. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



speaking, quickly make business mountains out of mole hills. don't make good our every statement, we are the loser and you are nothing out. ADDRESS: John M. Smyth Co., 150-151 West Madison Street, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Free to Women A WONDERFUL MEDICAL DISCOVERY THAT CURES WOMEN OF DISEASE AS IF BY MAGIC.

For some time I have been curing my lady friends and neighbors of diseases that had been pronounced incurable and which were apparently beyond all human aid, and I now offer this marvelous treatment to the women of America. Free. If you have falling of the womb, leucorrhoea, cancers or tumors or any kind of female disease, if you are weak, nervous, have palpitation or any affection of the heart, if you are constipated, have liver, kidney, stomach or bladder trouble, if you have rectal ulcers, blind or bleeding piles—no matter what your ailments may be, I can cure you. All you need do is write me fully what your ailments are and I will send by mail absolutely free the medicine you need. Do not suffer another day but write me at once. Address: ANNA MAY BURRELL, Box 121 Kokomo, Ind.

Lovely Complexion This new preparation removes Blackheads, Freckles, Pimples, Blisters, etc., makes the skin soft, clear and beautiful. It is not a face powder, cream, cosmetic, or bleach, and it contains no oil, grease, paste, or poisons of any kind, but is a purely vegetable discovery and leaves the skin clear, soft and velvety. A woman sending their name and address to Mrs. Josephine LeBlanc, 175 Hall Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., will receive a free package of this wonderful beautifier in a plain sealed wrapper by mail prepaid. It costs nothing to try it.

HOMEWORK FREE. We will send five thousand Indian Beads, any color desired, or assorted colors, enough for a beautiful chain four feet long, with directions for making Head Belts, Fobs, Chains, Collars, Purse and all kinds of Oriental and Indian Bead Novelties; also one copy of EXAMINE HOCUS, all for only 10c. merely to pay for postage and package. Apache Bead Loom catalogue free with 10-cent order. Address: EVENING NEWS, DEPT. 7, WENAMEN, N. J.

LEARN TO SING. If you have a voice you should cultivate it. There may be a fortune in it, but it can at least give you social position and genuine pleasure. The author of "The Knack of Singing" will give complete course of lessons by mail. Address: Harvey Sutherland, 706 E. 4th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sudden Death



If you have heart disease you are in grave danger. Heart troubles, dangerous as they are, can be instantly recognized by all. No doctor can tell better than you if your heart is out of order. If you have any of the following symptoms, don't waste any time. Get my Heart Tablets at once.

Fluttering, palpitation, or skipping beats (always due to weak or diseased heart); shortness of breath from going upstairs, walking, etc.; tenderness, numbness or pain in left side, arm or under shoulder blade; fainting spells, dizziness, hungry or weak spells; spots before the eyes; sudden starting in sleep, dreaming, nightmare;

Heart Disease

choking sensation in throat; oppressed feeling in chest; cold hands and feet; painful to lie on left side; dropsy; swelling of the feet or ankles (one of the surest signs); neuralgia around the heart; sudden deaths rarely result from other causes.

They will restore you to health and strength as they have hundreds of other men and women.

FREE To prove how absolutely I believe in them, to prove that they will do exactly what I say, I will send a box free to any name and address sent me. One trial will do more to convince you than any amount of talk. It will cost you nothing, and may save your life. Send for a trial box and enclose stamp for postage.

DR. F. G. KINSMAN, Box 962, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

How I Grew Tall

A Startling Story Which Will Interest All Who Are Short.

The Height of Either Sex Can Quickly Be Increased From Two to Five Inches—These Marvelous Results Can Be Accomplished at Home Without the Knowledge of Your Most Intimate Friends.

THE FREE BOOK TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT IT.



MR. K. LEO MINGES.

Inventors, scientists and physicians have for years been trying to find some method whereby the height of an individual could be increased, and up to the last few years have met with failure. It remained for a comparatively young man, Mr. K. Leo Minges by name, to discover what so many others had failed to do.

Mr. Minges resides in Rochester, N. Y., and has devoted the best part of his life in studying and experimenting with the Cartilage, and his great efforts have at last been crowned with success. A large company, composed of Rochester's leading citizens, has been formed for the purpose of placing Mr. Minges' discovery and inventions before the public, so that now it is possible for any lady or gentleman who is short to increase his or her height from two to five inches. These results are absolutely guaranteed.

Mr. Minges has successfully used his method on himself, and has grown from a short, stunted boy to a handsome robust man of 6 feet 1 inch in height. Thousands of people living in all parts of the world are using his method with equally as startling results. Let us send you the absolute proof of the above statements. We have just issued a beautifully illustrated book, entitled "The Secrets of How to Grow Tall," which contains information that will surprise you. Ten thousand of these remarkable books will be given away absolutely free of charge in order to introduce them. If you fail to receive a copy you will always regret it. This great book tells how Mr. Minges made his wonderful discovery. It tells you how you can increase your height and build up the entire system. It contains the pictures and statements of many who have used this method. After you receive this book you will thank us the longest day you live for having placed within your reach this great opportunity.

Remember a postal card will bring it to your very door, all charges prepaid. All correspondence strictly confidential and sent in plain envelopes. If you wish a free copy of this book and the proof of our claims, write today. Address The Cartilage Co., Dept. 26D, Rochester, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM

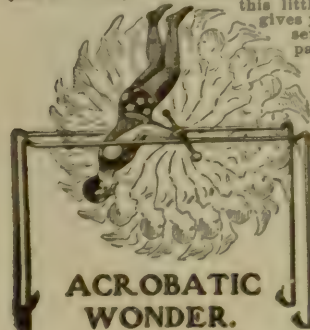
Neuralgia or Pain in any part of the body. **BALME ANAESTHESIQUE** is the only remedy prepared by the eminent specialist, Dr. Bengue of Paris, positively relieves pain. This Balm is the most assured cure for Rheumatism that is known in Europe or America. Send P. O. Money Order for 50 cts. for large tube to **Thos. Leeming & Co., 71 Warren St., New York.** Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada.

A GENUINE 21 JEWELLED \$50.00 GOLD WATCH

looks no better and is no better than the one you are wearing. This is the only watch made in the U. S. that is guaranteed for 25 years. We will send you for Free a beautiful watch if you send this ad. and write if you desire a ladies' watch with a chain or a gent's watch with a chain. You can have the watch at your expense office and if as represented, pay \$3.75 and express charges and they are yours. **RELIABLE WATCH CO. Dep 331, Chicago**

THE MOVING MARVEL

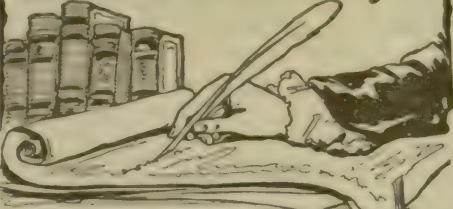
A little circus all to yourself is what you will get when this Little Giant performer arrives. We cannot tell just how many revolutions he can make in a minute, but this Little Metal Acrobat gives you lots of fun. We send this set of wire parallel bars for him shown in cut. This acrobatic wonder carries a long pole fastened firmly to him. You lay it across the bars and give him a gentle push and away he starts on his many revolutions along the bars in real human acrobatic fashion, going over and over again, traveling the whole length of the bars in a very short time, so rapid is he in his movements. The entire outfit is securely packed in a strong box and sent postpaid by mail with full directions how to work. If you send 10c. for a six months' trial subscription to our monthly today, we will mail you this Acrobatic Wonder free, or for 15c. we give a year's subscription and two Acrobats. Address **SUNSHINE, Box B, Augusta, Maine.**



ACROBATIC WONDER.

movements. The entire outfit is securely packed in a strong box and sent postpaid by mail with full directions how to work. If you send 10c. for a six months' trial subscription to our monthly today, we will mail you this Acrobatic Wonder free, or for 15c. we give a year's subscription and two Acrobats. Address **SUNSHINE, Box B, Augusta, Maine.**

Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters relating to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT, thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

F. P.—If the seller conveyed this farm to the purchaser by a warranty deed, conveying it to him free from all encumbrances, and it subsequently turns out that there were some unpaid taxes, which were liens upon this land at the time of the conveyance, we think that the seller will have to pay these taxes, as unpaid taxes are an encumbrance. It depends upon whether or not they were an actual lien on the land at the time of the conveyance; taxes are sometimes assessed, but do not become an actual lien on the land until some date subsequent to the time of making out the assessment rolls. We advise you to ascertain just when these taxes became a lien on this land; if it was before the conveyance to you, we think, as we have said before, that the man who sold this land to you will have to pay them.

W. A. R.—There are certain lawyers who make a specialty of collecting Civil War claims. Their percentage for collection would depend, we think, upon the nature of your claim and upon your agreement with them. The length of time required to collect such a claim would also depend upon the nature of it, how long it would take to get your evidence, whether you had a difficult case, etc.; we couldn't undertake to state any definite time without a knowledge of the facts—it is probably safe to say, however, that, being a claim against the United States, it would in the ordinary course of events take considerable time. We do not think eye witnesses are absolutely essential to prove that this property was destroyed. We would suggest that you get some local lawyer friend of yours to recommend you to some lawyer at Washington, D. C., to whom you can explain your case and with whom you can make some agreement as to his fees, which will make them contingent upon his collecting the claim; or, if you can, that you see your congressman about it.

J. G. D.—We are of the opinion that it is not, if you are simply to deliver circulars and samples in which it is not unlawful to trade.

Mrs. C. S.—We should advise you to communicate at once with some one at the place in California where your uncle lived—with the postmaster, if you have no one else—and get some lawyer there to look into this matter. The place where he lived, and the date of his death, it should be a comparatively easy matter to ascertain whether or not he left any estate, and whether or not he left a will, and if so, to whom he gave his property. The records of wills and the estate papers there are matters of public record. You should be able to find out without much trouble whether or not your information is correct. We should advise you to attend to this immediately and to go about it this way.

C. I. Z. B.—As a long time has elapsed, it may be that the present occupant of these lands would claim a title by adverse possession. As a large amount is apparently involved and particularly as some moneys have already been paid to claimants to these lands in settlement of their claims—as you state to be the fact—we think you had better see a lawyer about this. Upon your statement of facts, it seems to us that you have a claim worth looking into.

C. T.—We think it is lawful in most of the states.

A. S. M.—The questions propounded in your letter, which is very clear and right to the point, have been prominently before the country at large for some time past and have caused much thought on the subject. No matter what our personal views of the matter may be, we should not care to even hint an opinion as to the legality of these state enactments, as no opinion of any lawyer—or any one else—will be the law on this subject. The United States Supreme Court is the only tribunal competent to speak, and what they say is and will be the law. As you say, the President, and the state and judicial officers are sworn to uphold the constitution of the United States and they will, we think, uphold it—as construed by the supreme court of the United States. This old question of the conflict between state and federal laws is a perplexing one. Another interesting situation, along this line, arises out of the varying naturalization requirements of the different states for qualifying voters not only for the state, but for the federal electorate.

Almost too Good to be True

It seems at first glance as though this old saying were particularly applicable to the offer made in the columns of this paper by the "1900" Washer Co., of Binghamton, N. Y. As a matter of fact this concern considers the merits of the Washer so remarkable that, on request of any housekeeper, they put it in her hands for 30 days and if actual experience does not induce her to buy, the experience has cost her nothing as the "1900" Washer Co. pay the return charges.

TO WOMEN WHO DREAD MOTHERHOOD!

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 107 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

CHILD LOST FOR 18 YEARS.

Seized from cradle. She was sold and where she was sent by parents. Send stamp for particulars. Box C, 245, Saratoga, N. Y.

PILES

Instant relief, final cure in a few days and never returns; no purge, no salve, no suppository. Remedy mailed free. Address C. J. MASON, Box 59, New York, N. Y.

GOLD I TELL YOUR

PURSE is Love, Business and Marriage, with Photo of Future Husband or Wife and Diamond Life's Chain for 10c and birth date. PROF. D. A. T. Reading, Mass.

MARRY

Thousands want to marry. Many rich. Big list with P.O. addresses free. STAR AGENCY, No. 412, Chicago.

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich.

Agents wanted. Circulars free. P. O. C. S. A. MONEY, E. Cheney, R. R. 6, Urbana, Ohio.

What is Catarrh?

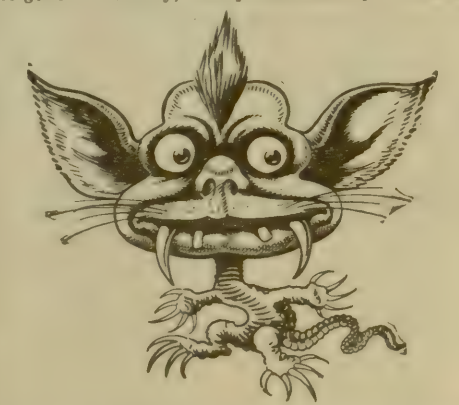
If You Have Any of the Following Symptoms Send Your Name and Address To-day.

Is your breath foul? Is your voice husky? Is your nose stopped? Do you snore at night? Do you sneeze a great deal? Do you have frequent



pains in the forehead? Do you have pains across the eyes? Are you losing your sense of smell? Is there a dropping in the throat? Are you losing your sense of taste? Are you gradually getting deaf? Do you hear buzzing sounds? Do you have ringing in the ears? Do you suffer with nausea of the stomach? Is there a constant bad taste in the mouth? Do you have a hacking cough? Do you cough at night? Do you take cold easily? If so, you have catarrh.

Catarrh is not only dangerous in this way, but it causes ulcerations, death and decay of bones, loss of thinking and reasoning power, kills ambition and energy, often causes loss of appetite, indigestion, dyspepsia, raw throat and reaches to general debility, idiocy and insanity. It needs



attention at once. Cure it with Gauss' Catarrh Cure. It is a quick, radical, permanent cure, because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh.

In order to prove to all who are suffering from this dangerous and loathsome disease that Gauss' Catarrh Cure will actually cure any case of catarrh quickly, I will send a trial package by mail free of all cost. Send us your name and address to-day and the treatment will be sent you by return mail. Try it. It will positively cure so that you will be welcomed instead of shunned by your friends. Write to-day, you may forget it to-morrow. C. E. GAUSS, 2068 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

\$30 Weekly

Straight Salary and all expenses to man with rig to introduce our Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for Contract. We mean business and furnish best of references. Dept. W. Royal Co-Op. Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

\$1395 NEW MAUSER RIFLES FROM GOVT. ARMORY

Best High Power Repeating Rifle in the World. Through 4 in. iron, 5 shot. Automatic ejector. No smoke. Little recoil. Weighs 18 lbs. 30 in. barrel. GUARANTEED NEW. Send \$2.00 for info. C.O.D. balance \$10.00 and express. Framingham, Mass. Dealer in all. Cartridges \$3.00 for 100. Francis Farmer, 570 B'way, N.Y.

RUPTURE

Cured by the Collings System. Send your name and address to Capt. W. A. Collings, Room 124, 264 Public Square, Watertown, N. Y., and he will send you FREE BY MAIL a trial of his wonderful treatment that cured him and has cured thousands of others. Do not delay, but write to-day. Capt. Collings had a remarkable experience with rupture and will gladly recite the details and send a free trial. Write him.

SHIPPERS WANTED EVERYWHERE

No matter where located. A new branch of commerce just now in its infancy that offers vast possibilities for any person who can read and write, (town or country). The wonder of the New Century. The Trusts cannot freeze you out. POSITIVE PROOF that many have and are making upwards of Five Thousand Dollars monthly. \$300 credit. No experience necessary. Address **MODERN PUBLICITY CO., Dept. 8, 935 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ills.**

A PAIR OF Nottingham Lace Curtains

Each Curtain Nine Feet Long.

This Most Beautiful and Elegant Premium Has Just Been Added for Selection to All Who Send a

Club of Only 4 New Names.

The curtains are full width and just what any one needs to adorn the home with. Every one of taste will tell you that there is nothing which "dresses up" a room so much as a pair of lace curtains. The finest effects are obtained by these draperies. They show from the outside as well as from the inside. They are of the real Italian pattern and formerly sold as high as six or eight dollars a pair. They are delivered free to you, all charges paid.

FREE OFFER. If you will send us a club of only 4 two-year subscriptions to our monthly we will send our magazine to each subscriber two years and one pair of curtains to you as a free premium. A club of only 7 trial 2c. two-year subscriptions secures two pairs and we send three pairs for only 1c. two-year subscribers. Or you may send 7 yearly subscribers at 15c. for one pair; 12 subscriptions at 15c. each for two pairs; 18 subscriptions at 15c. each for three pairs. Magazine goes to the subscriber each month for a year and Curtains to you.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Steady Work. Good Pay. Big Line. Credit. Agt. terms free. Herber Agency Co., Bx 454, Station L, New York.

\$10. Cash Paid PER 1000 FOR CANCELLED

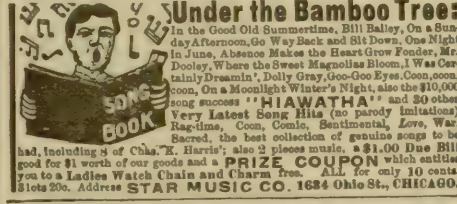
WE PAY \$32 A WEEK AND EXPENSES produce poultry compound Year's contract. IMPERIAL MFG. CO., DEPT. 55, FAIRBORN, KANS.

\$75.00 PER MONTH

For locating gold and silver, guaranteed. Sent on 30 days' trial. Circulars 2c. Add. F. Weurich & Co., P. O. Box 174 F, Grand Saline, Tex.

PILES

and CONSTIPATION quickly cured. A sample of the best remedy on earth mailed free of charge. Dr. Fowler, New London, Conn.



THIS BEAUTIFUL RING

is set with 3 m. Rubies and 4 m. Diamonds. It is made of 14 k. gold and guaranteed for 4 years. Send us 3 names and addresses of ladies who have Planos or Organs, and 25 cents for postage, and we will send you this Ring. Address Walters Mfg. Co., 128 Water St., Dept. 24, New York.

FREE! The New External Prize Remedy. WHAT OXEN ELECTRIC PLASTERS WILL DO.

1. They will, if used as directed, cure bodily pain as if by magic. They banish Backache, Neuralgia, Nervous and Sciatic Pains, Colds, Coughs, Quinsy, Croup, Pleurisy, Pneumonia, Pneumonia Fever, Soreness, Stiffness, Lameness, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Growing Pains in Children, Lumbago, "Stitch in the Back," Inflammation, and other bodily Aches and Pains.

2. When used in connection with Oxien, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, they promptly relieve and permanently cure Influenza, Nervous Prostration, Kidney, Liver, Heart, Lung, and Stomach troubles, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Anemia, Female Disorders, Malarial affections, etc.



3. They act as an infallible safeguard against contagious and infectious diseases, and nothing equals them as a chest protector for both children and adults.

4. Their electrical action, and soothing, healing and vitalizing qualities, render them a blessing to Weak, Wary, and Despondent Men and Women, whose starved nerves and pain racked systems cry

UPROOTS DISEASE, BANISHES PAIN, SOOTHES, HEALS, CURES, AND IMPARTS GIANT STRENGTH.

out for that Nourishment, Relief, and New Vigor which Oxien, the Wonderful Food for the Nerves, and Oxien Electric Plasters, alone have been found to give.

5. They are a handy, cheap, ever-ready relief for Pains and Aches, peculiar to Females, and are the safest, simplest, surest and cheapest Woman's Pain Cure ever discovered.

Although the price of Oxien Plasters is 25c. each, to the first seven hundred new friends who can prove they have never before used the Oxien Remedies, and will agree to test the powers of our Wonderful Discovery, and tell their friends if they find relief from their miseries, we will send a sample Oxien Electric Porous Plaster post free. Thousands in America have been cured by this Wonderful Remedy, and many European cures have already been made. Write at once—today—and we will also send sample box Oxien free.

Remember. This is a bona fide free offer to new friends only. No attention will be given orders under this offer from any but new customers. It is made to get people to try Oxien Remedies who have not before used them.

NOTICE. No orders will be filled from any place having a resident Oxien agent. Address **THE OXEN ELECTRIC CO., 45 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.**



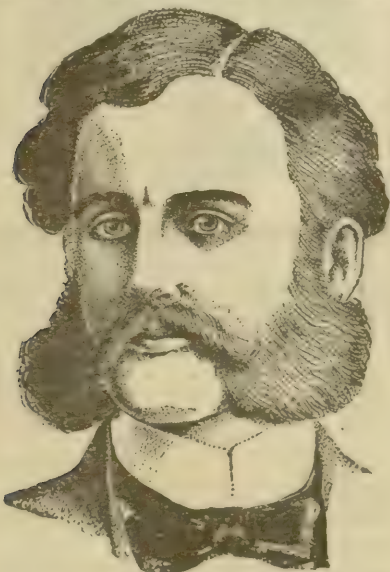
Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Wonderful Medical Discovery

Remarkable Remedies That Cure All Diseases

The Famous Doctor Discoverer and Scientist James W. Kidd Now Offers to Every Afflicted Person a Free Treatment

It has only been a short time since there appeared in the columns of nearly all the prominent newspapers of the world an announcement of the remarkable discoveries made by Dr. James W. Kidd. Physicians, scientists and professional men marveled at the wonderful cures which he performed with ease. Invalids who had suffered for years without hope were, it seemed, almost miraculously restored to health. The doctor was



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

besieged by thousands of letters asking for information and assistance, until at last he determined to give his secret to the sick and afflicted of the world. Thousands have taken advantage of his liberal offer, and his mail is now flooded with letters of heartfelt gratitude from cured patients.

All Diseases Cured

Every disease to which human flesh is heir is represented in these letters, the so-called incurable diseases being as numerous as the less serious cases. A letter from Cliff Latimer of Loveland, Ohio, gives the details of his miraculous cure of Consumption as follows: "I had Consumption, was examined by four prominent doctors, one of whom a specialist made an examination of the sputa, and pronounced my disease pulmonary consumption, and told me that there was no hope. I weighed 120 pounds. Now I am well and strong. Every trace of the disease has left and I weigh 170 pounds. It has been over a year since I took Dr. Kidd's treatment, so I know the cure is permanent." Abraham Trauger, of Lambertville, N. J., afflicted with locomotor ataxia, a disease pronounced incurable by the medical profession, tells of his cure after years of suffering: "When I commenced treatment with Dr. Kidd for locomotor ataxia I could not walk across the floor. Since finishing treatment I have not lost a day from my work as foreman of the Lambertville Rubber Co." Thomas J. Halferty of Brimfield, Ind., writes as follows: "Dr. Kidd cured my son of a severe case of Bright's disease after he was passing large quantities of blood in the urine." The record of such miraculous cures would fill a book. Sufferers from consumption, Bright's disease, dropsy, paralysis, heart disease, locomotor ataxia and other dangerous diseases have been restored to health. The common chronic diseases, such as rheumatism, kidney trouble, catarrh, female troubles, bronchitis, epilepsy (fits), chronic coughs, lumbago, bladder troubles, scrofula, impure blood, skin disease, goitre, piles, bowel troubles, general debility, nervousness, loss of vitality, contagious blood poison, etc., are cured in so short a time that it seems almost a miracle.

A Home Treatment

An important feature which recommends this wonderful treatment, rightly called "The Elixir of Life," is the fact that it can be used at home by any one. The remedies are simple in composition, harmless to the most delicate system, but a secret known to no other living doctor.

Dr. Kidd's Honesty and Reliability

Three National Banks in Fort Wayne vouch for Dr. Kidd's reliability. Ministers, City and County Officials, Professional and Business Men all unite in giving him the heartiest endorsement. Fort Wayne is proud of her distinguished doctor. One and all say that his success is deserved by his ability, honesty and industry. To the doctor the good-will of his fellow townsmen and the expressions of gratitude from the thousands to whom he has given the blessings of vigorous manhood and womanhood are sufficient to pay for the years spent in patient study and experiment. To make known to every suffering person in the world the fact that there has at last been discovered a treatment which will positively cure all diseases he has made the following remarkable offer:

A Free Treatment

Dr. Kidd offers to send to every applicant a free treatment. There are no restrictions whatever. No matter what your disease, no matter of how long standing, or how many remedies or doctors you have tried, this treatment will cure you and it costs you only a postage stamp to find this out for yourself. The doctor's generous nature, his sense of fairness and his faith in his remedies are all clearly shown by this liberal offer. Nothing can possibly remove all doubts as quickly as actual trial. When this is offered absolutely free, every sick person should take advantage of it. You cannot afford to be skeptical when your health is at stake. In applying for a free treatment give the doctor a description of your case or state what disease or diseases you want cured. You will receive the free treatment by return mail, postage paid.

To secure personal attention address the doctor's private office as follows:

DR. JAMES W. KIDD,
238 Baltes Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 25th of the month can not be answered in the issue of the following month.

NOTE: From this time on only paid-up subscribers to COMFORT can have their questions answered in this or any other department. If you are not a subscriber, or if your subscription has expired, send in 10 cents for six months or 25 cents for two years.

G. D., Ellimore, Mo.—Write to a hair dealer in Kansas City, or St. Louis. Your town merchants can give you address. The amount is too small to send it East.

Jane A., Jamestown, N. Y.—The name is French. L. M. C., Sandusky, Iowa.—Get "The Rhymester," by Tom Hood. It will give you all the information you need to write poetry, if you have the natural gift.

J. G., Burtrum, Minn.—We do not know the books, or their authors. Write to Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, and possibly they can give you the information, though we rather think they are out of print, and you will not be able to get them.

X. Y. Z., Delta, Iowa.—It is impossible to give you diacritical marks here. You will find them in any dictionary. (2) Quebec is called the "Gibraltar of America." (3) Connecticut is called the "Land of Steady Habits," though all New England may be so.

O. L. C., Chadron, Neb.—We do not like to advise in a matter of so much importance, but from what you say of your present surroundings it would seem that you ought to go where there is more of a future. Washington, or Oregon, would be safe we think, if you go there first and select some thriving town with a good agricultural country around it. Then buy yourself a small place of twenty acres or so, and put the balance of your money into first mortgages, well secured. A thrifty woman can make a comfortable living on twenty acres of ground in small fruits and vegetables, with a cow or two for milk and butter and a lot of hens. Poultry raising is profitable in the Northwest. So is butter making. A woman's chances are much better generally in the less populous West than in the East or South, where women are in excess, and every place they can occupy is filled with them. Whatever you do, however, in changing your location, go and see for yourself, before making a final move.

H. D. K., Silverdale, Pa.—We suppose the Sheriff of the county has a list of the names of every man in his county. Whether he would let you have a copy or not is a matter for him to say. We think he would not. You can get a great many of the names by taking the county papers and copying the names you find there. We know of no county directories.

J. S., South Orange, N. J.—July 9th, 1887, on Thursday; March 28, 1873, on Wednesday; August 11th, 1861, on Sunday; February 12th, 1887, on Saturday; June 3rd, 1887, on Friday; January 14th, 1899, on Saturday.

A. D. G., Proximity, N. C.—Make your inquiry of George P. Rowell, 10 Spruce street, New York City.

R. L. Kewanna, Ind.—Residents of Washington, D. C., are not permitted to vote there. They may have a voting place, however, in any state they may choose.

M. L., Elizabeth, N. J.—Your letter to us with very few changes would make quite as good a letter of resignation as we might suggest. Make it as simple as possible.

M. D. K., Louisville, Ky.—Ask any dealer in coins in your own city. They know as much about it as any one else.

M. M., Durango, Col.—We do not know the Chesapeake breed. Your musk question was answered last month.

J. M., Woodbine, W. Va.—There is such a book, we believe. Write to Brentano, New York City, or to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O.

H. F., Evansville, Ind.—Go to your city library, get a biographical dictionary and look the dates up that you want. It will require several days and we haven't the time.

J. J. S., Point Aconi, Cape Breton.—The two New York firms you mention first are no longer in existence. The other we believe is all right.

Subscriber, Yreka, Cal.—Spruce gum, which is nearly the same as you mention, has been on the market for years. The public taste seems to be for something sweeter than pine and spruce.

Crosspatch, Ithaca, Mich.—If you have a taste for the trade you think of learning, it would be advisable to go to it. If, however, you don't care what you do provided you can make a living, or something better out of it, one thing is about as good for you as another, and you will never do much more than earn your living at anything. On the other hand, if you have a taste for any trade, no matter what it is, and you like to do the work it imposes, you will find your labor a pleasure, and will do better at it than at anything else you might have undertaken. Even if you don't make quite as much money as you might have made at something else, you will have had a great deal more satisfaction with your work, which is better than the mere money of it.

E. S., Pleasanton, Kans.—The Louisiana Lottery has been out of existence for a number of years, owing to the federal laws against it. There may be some vestiges of it remaining in Louisiana, but the great Lottery is no more. (2) We know of no dry goods firms sending out traveling agents except men of experience and assured trade. And they are not agents, as you understand the term, but experienced traveling salesmen.

J. Reynolds, Haygood, Ala.—There are about eighty millions of people in the United States and we fear we have hardly space to give you their names and addresses. You may not have thought of it at the time you asked the question, but such a list of names and addresses would be three hundred and fifteen miles long, and would take one man working eight hours a day, one hundred and thirty-seven years to write it out. Do you wonder that we can not accommodate you?

W. U., Emmetsburg, Md.—Write to Lyman H. Low, United Charities Building, New York City. But get opinions of other experts.

H. Z. R. W., Racine, Wis.—Go to the persons from whom you bought the stock and tell them you want to draw it out. That is all the information we have. Where else could you go to get it?

C. H., Blit, Mont.—We don't know the address. Have you looked through the advertising columns of COMFORT and other papers? Try a postal addressed to them at Dayton, Springfield, Canton, or Cincinnati.

C. C. Green, Forest, Ark.—Write to Rand McNally & Co., Chicago, to get the books for you, if they are not the publishers. We think you will

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We can sever the chain

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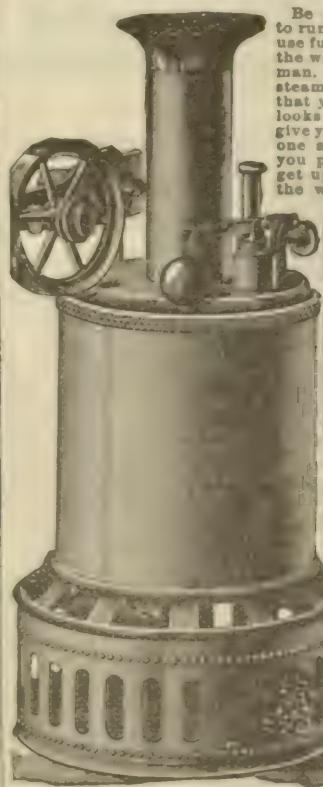
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every young man to have an engine; the practical side of life is well demonstrated to any youth that interests himself; so we give for the balance of the season and to get new subscriptions one engine as a reward for sending us a club of only five yearly subscribers to our great Home Monthly, COMFORT, at 15c. each. This small club of five, amounting to only 75c., can be secured in an hour and you thus get this prize engine free, delivered all charges paid, carefully packed and fully warranted.

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His Bell Not Loud Enough.
A Cure That Failed.
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The Balty Cow and the Irate Farmer.
His Missing Buttons.
Reverend Noakly McKoon Explains.
The Cyclist's Song.
An Investigator.
Leap Year.
The Last Word.
An April Fool Repetition.
A Depraved Quartette.
A Kindly Suggestion.
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Among the Flowers

By Eben E. Rexford

Flowers for Cutting

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I wish you would tell me what kinds of annuals to plant to cut from next summer, something that is easily grown and is not coarse in appearance."

There are many flowers most excellent for this purpose. Near, if not at the head of the list, would be the Sweet Pea. Quite as useful, though coming so late in the season that they are practically out of the question for summer, are Asters, in variety,—Comet, New Branching, and Peony-flowered. These are most excellent substitutes for the Chrysanthemum. In some respects they are preferable. They have better stems, and last longer. The white, pale rose, and delicate lavender varieties are most useful.

Scabiosa deserves more attention than it gets. Its dark purple and violet-blue flowers are extremely effective in combination with a delicate yellow or pure white flower.

Pansies are favorites, but are useful for low receptacles only, because of their short stems. It is a good plan to put them in sand instead of water, as that will hold them firmly in place, if pinched about the stem. Or a piece of fine-meshed wire netting can be used, through which the stems can be thrust, the flowers resting on the wire.

Calliopsis is extremely useful, its rich golden-yellow and maroon showing up well in rooms having a good light but no direct sunshine.

Dahlias of the Cactus or Decorative strains are fine for long vases. So are Gladioluses and Hollyhocks. These require tall vases, and are most effective when used in a corner.

Mignonette is not particularly showy, but it has genuine beauty, and its delicious fragrance makes it one of our best plants to cut from. A little of it will sweeten a large room.

Tea Roses

In making out your list of plants for next summer's use, do not forget to include at least a dozen of Tea Roses. Get the well-known varieties—those whose merits can be depended on—like Meteor, The Queen, Bridesmaid, Etoile de Lyon, Perle des Jardins, Niphetos, Hermosa, and Sunset, all old, all good. Plant them in a very rich soil. They will begin to grow shortly after planting, and every new branch will bear flowers. As soon as all the buds on these branches have developed, cut the stalk back to within two or three buds of the main stem, or base of the plant. This will cause new branches to start, and as long as you can keep the bush producing new branches you will get flowers from it. If the season is a hot, dry one, it will be well to mulch the soil about the plants with grass clippings from the lawn. This will prevent too rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil, and help to keep the roots of the plants cool.

Plants for Massing

If you order seeds now, don't forget that, for massing, we have no plant superior to Phlox Drummondii. Its flowers crowd so thickly along its branches that they give an almost solid color effect.

Petunias lack the solidity of color effect which the Phlox gives, but they are sufficiently floriferous to offer a strong show of brilliant color, for all that.

Coreopsis, or Calliopsis, as some catalogues have it, is very effective when massed. Large beds of it on the lawn are extremely brilliant against the green of the grass.

We are often told that Nasturtiums are fine for massing. So they are if what you care for is a mixture of green foliage and orange flowers, but if you want a strong show of orange, the plant will disappoint you. It does not bear flowers enough to produce such an effect. Their foliage will predominate, thus giving you more of a green than an orange bed. But where color in solidity is not cared for, large masses of nasturtiums will give great pleasure.

For low beds, the Portulaca is excellent. It is, however, somewhat difficult to secure plants of the same color, from seed. But you may not mind a mixture of colors in one of your beds.

The Verbena is, as it has long been, one of our very best annuals for working brilliant displays of rich color. Its scarlets are intense in tone, its pinks delicate, its whites so pure a white that it always pleases.

The Ricinus

Here is a plant that ought not to be overlooked by those who are fond of tropical effects in the garden. Our grandmothers used to grow it under the unpleasantly suggestive name of "Castor-oil Plant." Its real name, Ricinus, is much prettier, and ought to come into general use among those who grow the plant. It is grown easily from seed, which should be planted as soon as warm weather comes. To secure a very strong effect, group the plant, three or four together. It grows to a height of six, eight, and ten feet. Its leaves are immense—often three feet across—of a rich bronze-red, with a coppery luster. It is very effective when used in the center of a circular bed. Give it a rich, deep, mellow soil, and be sure not to plant it until the ground has become warm. A slight frost is sure death to the young and tender plants.

Answers to Correspondents

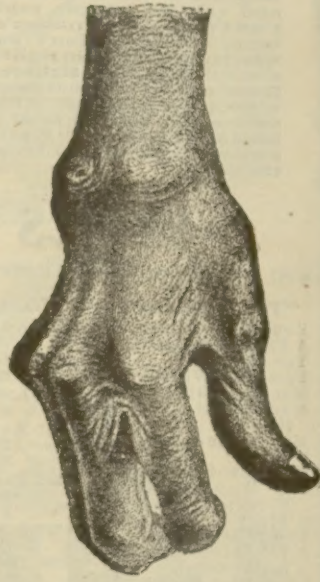
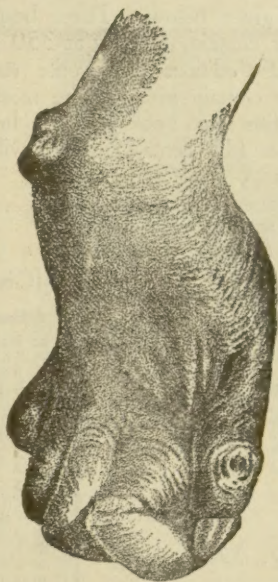
Mrs. H. E. B.—If you are used to budding, it will be an easy matter to graft your seedling Oranges from the Otahite plant. Do this just before the buds break into growth. Your Otahite Orange can be wintered in the cellar. It is always safest to imitate the processes of Nature in caring for plants, and deciduous ones always have a period of rest.

Mrs. M. L. G.—The leaf of Palm sent shows signs of the disease which carries off thousands of Palms annually. Go to your florist and get Copperdine, or, if he does not keep it, send to some of the large firms in Philadelphia, New York, or Chicago, and get it, and use as directed on the can. It is barely possible that the red spider may be responsible for some of the trouble. If so, a daily showering of the plant and a weekly washing with a decoction of sulpho-tobacco soup would benefit it greatly.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

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It is now possible to be cured of any form of rheumatism without having your stomach turned upside down or being half choked to death and every sufferer from rheumatism should welcome this new and marvelous discovery with open arms and give it an honest trial. This new remedy was discovered by John A. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis., who is generous enough to send a trial box free to every sufferer who writes at once. It is a home treatment and will not keep you from your work.

As you know, if you've tried them, every so-called rheumatic remedy on the market today, except this genuine cure, will cause you violent stomach pains, and some of them are so dangerous they will cause heart trouble. And the worst of it is they never cure. When a person has rheumatism the constitution is so run down that he should be very careful what he puts into his stomach.

It therefore gives me pleasure to present a

remedy that will cure every form and variety of rheumatism without one single unpleasant feeling. That remedy is

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Before I decided to tell the world about the discovery of "Gloria Tonic" I had it tried on old crippled persons, with perfect success. But some people never will believe anything until they know it from experience, so the best and quickest way is for you to write me that you want to be cured, and I will send you a trial box of "Gloria Tonic" free of cost. No matter what your form of rheumatism is—acute, chronic, muscular, inflammatory, sciatic, neuralgia, gout, lumbago, etc., "Gloria Tonic" will surely cure you. Do not mind if other remedies have failed you, nor mind if doctors say you are incurable. Mind no one, but write me today sure. "Gloria Tonic" will stop those aches and pains and inflammations, and cure you so that life will again be worth living. This offer is not for curiosity seekers, but is made to rheu-

matics only. To them I will send a trial box of "Gloria Tonic" free.

Never before has a remedy been so highly endorsed as "Gloria Tonic." It has been endorsed by such world-noted men as Dr. Quintero of the University of Venezuela, Hon. E. H. Plummer, United States Consul, Maracaibo; Prof. Macadam of Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh, the famous magazine, "Health," London, and a column of others.

If you are a sufferer send your name today and by return mail you will receive a trial box of "Gloria Tonic," and also the most elaborate book ever written on the subject of rheumatism, absolutely free. This book contains many drawings from actual life and will tell you all about your case. You get "Gloria Tonic" and this wonderful book at the same time, both free, so let me hear from you at once and soon you will be cured. Address JOHN A. SMITH, 3180 Germania Building, Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A. Send no money or stamps.

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SERIES A

[Give Number and Series Letter when ordering.]

- "The Duchess"**
91 Sweet Is True Love.
92 A Troublesome Girl.
93 The Baby.
94 Fortune's Wheel.
95 Her Last Throw.
141 Monica, and a Rose Distilled.
160 Moonshine and Marguerites.
36 The Haunted Chamber.
51 The Honorable Mrs. Vereker.
255 A Week in Killarney.
144 The Witching Hour.
53 A Little Irish Girl.
54 A Little Rebel.
81 Loys, Lord Beresford.
82 In Durand Vile.
146 That Last Rehearsal.
285 Mildred Trevanion.
26 The Duchess.

- C. M. Braeme**
5 Her Only Son.
14 Wedded and Parted.
27 The Shadow of a Sin.
29 The Shattered Idol.
33 The Squire's Darling.
48 A Golden Heart.
56 Lord Mysere's Choice.
67 The Mystery of Woodleigh Grange.
68 My Sister Kate.
69 On Her Wedding Morn.
70 The Story of a Wedding Ring; or, Lured Away.
78 The Earl's Error.
314 A Woman's Honor.
174 "So Near, and Yet So Far!"
249 The Wife's Secret.
287 For Life and Love.
298 At Any Cost.
55 Lord Lisle's Daughter.
50 Her Second Love.
156 The Duke Diamonds.

- A. Conan Doyle**
104 The Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories.
242 The Surgeon of Gaster Fell.
195 A Scandal in Bohemia.
217 The Mystery of Cloombur.
238 The Mystery of Sasassa Valley.
239 The Silver Hatchet.
234 The Secret of Goresborough Grange.
235 My Friend the Murderer.
220 The Captain of the "Pole-Star."
6 A Study in Scarlet.
41 Beyond the City.
21 The Sign of the Four.

- Mrs. Alexander**
266 Mrs. Vereker's Courier Maid.
172 Valerie's Fate.
22 What Gold Can Not Buy.
47 Forging the Fetters.
30 Maid, Wife, or Widow?
Alexander Dumas
43 The Corsican Brothers.
10 Camille.
1 The Eighth Crusade.

- Florence Marryat**
280 The Ghost of Charlotte Cray.
58 Captain Norton's Diary, and a Moment of Madness.
169 Old Contrary.
89 A Star and a Heart.

- Charles Dickens**
73 The Cricket on the Hearth.
161 No Thoroughfare.
162 The Hunted Man.
143 Master Humphrey's Clock.

- Jerome K. Jerome**
4 Three Men in a Boat.
66 Stageland.
80 The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow.
236 Diary of a Pilgrimage.

- Florence Warden**
40 At the World's Mercy.
46 Doris's Fortune.
52 The House on the Marsh.

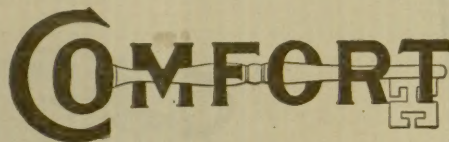
- Robert Louis Stevenson**
198 The Suicide Club.
200 The Misadventures of John Nicholson.
201 An Inland Voyage.
202 The Silverado Squatters.
62 Prince Otto.
219 The Pavilion on the Links.
216 The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
23 The Bottle Imp.
18 Treasure Island.

- Miscellaneous**
136 Rose Fleming. Dora Russell.
137 Under the Red Flag. Miss M. E. Braddon.
138 The Little School-master Mark. J. H. Short-house.
139 Mrs. Carr's Companion. M. G. Wightwick.
140 Diamond Cut Diamond. T. Adolphus Trollope.
286 The Archipelago on Fire. Jules Verne.
176 The Fisher Village. Anne Beale.

- Miscellaneous (cont'd)**
177 An Old Man's Love. Anthony Trollope.
178 John Bull and His Island. Max O'Rell.
7 Led Astray. Octave Feuillet.
17 Romance of a Poor Young Man. Octave Feuillet.
256 Face to Face: A Fact in Seven Fables. R. E. Francillon.
257 A Bit of Human Nature. D. Christie Murray.
258 The Prodigals; and Their Inheritance. Mrs. Oliphant.
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282 The Surgeon's Daughter. Sir Walter Scott.
283 Miss Bretherton. Mrs. Humphrey Ward.
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- 150 She Loved Him! Annie Thomas.
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247 Lelia. Sir Bulwer Lytton.
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204 My Wonderful Wife. Marie Corelli.
32 My Lady's Money. Wilkie Collins.
164 Love's Random Shot. Wilkie Collins.
38 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. Ian Maclaren.
244 A Triumph in Diplomacy. Ian Maclaren.
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231 Matt: A Tale of a Caravan. Robert Buchanan.
83 The Moment After. Robert Buchanan.
226 The Dark House. G. Manville Fenn.
173 The Rosery Folk. G. Manville Fenn.
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50 The Nine of Hearts. B. L. Farjeon.
15 The Man in Black. Stanley J. Weyman.
19 The House of the Wolf. Stanley J. Weyman.
185 The Daughter of the Stars. Hugh Conway.
315 Farmer Hollo's Daughter. Charles Garvice.
316 Woven on Fate's Loom. Charles Garvice.
317 The Greatest Thing in the World. Henry Drummond.
300 Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.
310 Age of Reason. Thomas Paine.
311 The Life and Travels of Mungo Park.
312 The Voyages and Travels of Sir John Maundeville, Kt.
313 The Blind Musician. William Westall and Sergius Stepniak.
71 The Two Orphans. D'Ennery.
175 A Husband's Story. Henry W. Longfellow.
214 Dreams. Olive Schreiner.
20 The Story of an African Farm. Olive Schreiner.
24 Ten Nights in a Bar-Room. T. S. Arthur.
25 Called Back. Hugh Conway.
254 The Blatchford Bequest. Hugh Conway.
280 The Bachelor of the Albany.
34 Charlotte Temple. Mrs. Rowson.
35 "Black Beauty." Anna Sewell.

A PERSONAL LETTER TO YOU



Augusta, Maine,
February, 1904.

Dear Subscriber:

We have, during the last year or so, made a number of changes and improvements in COMFORT which seem to be appreciated by the majority of our readers judging by the way in which they are promptly renewing their subscriptions as they fall due. As you know, the more promptly our old subscribers renew and the more new subscribers we obtain the more money can we spend in further improving the paper. As a paid-up subscriber to COMFORT you are naturally interested in seeing the paper go ahead, and we have to depend upon the good will and influence of our present large and ever-increasing family of COMFORT readers. We feel sure that we can count upon you to speak a good word for COMFORT whenever possible. What we should like you to do would be to get us at least one new subscriber. We don't ask you to do this little thing for nothing. It will not take much effort on your part, but we will reward you for your work as you will see by reading the remarkable offer on this page. Read every word and then ACT. Remember that by getting us a new subscriber you are not only aiding us to improve our paper--which is to your benefit--but you receive a substantial reward for a minimum of effort. We know that if you get us only one subscriber that after you have received the novel we shall send you that you will get more subscribers in order to get more books. Please let us hear from you at once, as this offer will not be made again.

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3 Old Sleuth's Triumph.
4 Under a Million Disguises.
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7 The Shadow Detective.
8 Red-Light Will, the River Detective.
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- 15 The New York Detective.
16 O'Neil McDarragh, the Detective.
17 Old Sleuth in Harness Again.
18 The Lady Detective.
19 The Yankee Detective.
20 The Fastest Boy in New York.
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25 Old Terrible.
26 The Smugglers of New York Bay.
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28 Mura, the Western Lady Detective.
29 Mons. Armand.

- 30 Lady Kate, the Dashing Female Detective.
31 Hamard, the Detective.
32 The Giant Detective in France.
33 The American Detective in Russia.
34 The Dutch Detective.
35 Old Puritan, the Old-Time Yankee Detective.
36 Manfred's Quest.
37 Tom Thumb; or, The Wonderful Boy Detective.
38 Old Ironsides Abroad.
39 Little Black Tom.
40 Old Ironsides Among the Cowboys.
41 Black Tom in Search of a Father.
42 Bonanza Bardie.
43 Old Transform, the Secret Special Detective.

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- Charlotte M. Braeme**
22 His Perfect Trust.
24 The Heiress of Hilldrop.
25 For Another's Sin.
26 Set in Diamonds.
27 The World Between Them.
28 A Passion Flower.
29 A True Magdalen.
30 A Woman's Error.
32 At War With Herself.
33 The Belle of Lynn.
35 Claribel's Love Story.
36 A Woman's War.
38 Hilary's Folly.
39 From Gloom to Sunlight.
40 A Haunted Life.
41 The Mystery of Colde Fell; or, Not Proven.
42 A Dark Marriage Morn.
43 The Duke's Secret.
44 His Wife's Judgment.
45 A Thorn in Her Heart.
46 A Nameless Sin.
47 A Mad Love.
48 Irene's Vow.
49 Signa's Sweetheart.
51 A Fiery Odeal.
52 Between Two Loves.
53 Beyond Pardon.
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55 A Broken Wedding-Ring.
56 Dora Thorne.
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71 A Struggle for a Ring.
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73 Thorns and Orange-Blossoms.
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78 Weaker Than a Woman.
80 Which Loved Him Best?
81 Wife in Name Only.
82 A Woman's Temptation.
83 A Queen Amongst Women.
84 Macolin's Lover.
87 The Sin of a Lifetime.
88 Love's Warfare.
89 "Twixt Smile and Tear."
90 Sweet Cymbeline.
91 The Gambler's Wife.
95 A Fatal Dowry.
96 Her Mother's Sin.
97 Romance of a Black Veil.
98 A Rose in Thorns.
99 Lord Elesmere's Wife.
291 Queen of the Lillies. Sequel to Lord Elesmere's Wife.

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186 A Woman's Love Story.
194 Bonnie Doon.
212 Lady Latimer's Escape, and a Fatal Temptation.
213 My Poor Wife.
214 Jessie.
215 Phyllis's Temptation.
216 Betwixt My Love and Me.
217 Suzanne.
218 Prince Charming.
223 Lady Mariel's Secret.
224 "For a Dream's Sake."
225 Under a Ban.
227 A Great Mistake.
230 The Fatal Lilies.
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233 In Cupid's Net.
234 A Dead Heart.
235 A Golden Dawn.
236 Two Kisses.
237 The White Witch.
239 A Bitter Reckoning.
241 His Wedded Wife.
242 Thrown on the World.
243 Between Two Sins.
244 The Hidden Sin.
245 James Gordon's Wife.
246 A Coquette's Conquest.
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292 The Perils of Beauty. Sequel to "A Fair Mystery."

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249 Griselda.
250 Margery Daw.
251 In Shallow Waters.
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253 If Love Be Love.
254 The Actor's Ward.
255 A Willful Young Woman.
256 Marjorie.
257 Lady Diana's Pride.
258 A Hidden Terror.
259 A Struggle for the Right.
260 Blossom and Fruit.
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265 Golden Gates.
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274 Dream Faces.
275 The Story of an Error.
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279 Under the Holly Berries, and Coralie.
282 Redeemed by Love.
286 Lady Ethel's Whim, and My Mother's Rival.
287 Daphne Vernon, and an Alluring Young Woman.
289 Love's Surrender, and Marion Arleigh's Penance.
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122 Lena Rivers.
126 Roadwork.
201 Doris Deane.
202 Old Hagar's Secret.
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1 The Marquis.
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7 Leslie's Loyalty (His Love So True).
9 Elaine.
11 Claire (The Mistress of Court Regna).
13 Her Heart's Desire (An Innocent Girl).
15 Her Ransom (Paid For).
17 A Coronet of Shame.
21 Lorrie; or, Hollow Gold.
124 She Loved Him.
207 Only a Girl's Love.
208 Leola Dale's Fortune.
209 Only One Love.
210 His Guardian Angel.
293 The Earl's Heir (Lady Norah).
294 For an Earldom (Love's Dilemma).
295 The Lady of Darracourt (Lucille).
296 The Heir of Vering.
297 The Gipsy Peer (The Usurper).
298 Jeanne (Barriers Between).
299 So Nearly Lost (The Springtime of Love).
300 So Fear, So False (The Beauty of the Season).
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302 Staunch as a Woman (A Maiden's Sacrifice).
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VITÆ-ORE will do the same for you as it has for hundreds of readers of this paper, if you will give it a trial. Send for a \$1 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the stamp to answer this announcement. If the medicine does not benefit you write us so and there is no harm done. We want no one's money whom Vitæ-Ore cannot benefit. Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, no matter how prejudiced he or she may be, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, would hesitate to try Vitæ-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases, two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say in this announcement, and will do just what we agree. Write today for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper, so that we may know that you are entitled to this liberal offer.

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EXPERIMENT!**

Some experiments are necessary for the advancement of civilization; and although frequently lives are lost and much damage done, the ultimate results and benefits are the cause of much good to humanity. Others result in loss of life from no apparent cause other than the obstinacy of the experimenter, who will not heed the advice of friends, and refuses to see that his experiment is impossible or impracticable for the results aimed at or intended.

As all experiments are dangerous, so it is a dangerous thing to experiment with worthless patent medicines and nostrums of the kind that spring up in the night, and "none know from whence they came" or what their origin. It is seeking after an impossible result to look for health in a bottle of alcohol and sarsaparilla or a package of senna and straw; and such experiments are often disastrous to the experimenter.

Vitæ-Ore, Nature's Remedy, is not an experiment, and the sick and suffering person who seeks its aid is not experimenting. It has stood the test of the American public, a critical judge, for a generation of time, and is growing in popularity and selling more rapidly from year to year, and has fully substantiated our claim to being the best thing in, on or out of the earth for afflicted people. Beware of experiments in medicine, and when you need a remedy let the experience of others be your guide. If you have been using other treatments without the results that were promised and that you anticipated, THROW THEM AWAY and begin with this natural healing and curing ORE. It will not fail you.

Not a Penny Unless Benefited.

YOUR DOCTOR

may tell you that your case is incurable, that medical science is unable to help you, that all you can expect is temporary or slight relief. Well, let him think so. He is certainly entitled to his opinion. You need not think so unless you wish to. Many people whose testimony appears in the books and pamphlets of the Theo. Noel Co., were told that their cases were hopeless, helpless, impossible, incurable past all recovery, yet—read their testimony. Many were told that they had but a few short years—some but months—to live, yet—read their testimony. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the Doctor's philosophy, and Vitæ-Ore is one of them.

Middle-Aged and Elderly People Should Use It.

As old age approaches the necessity of such a tonic as Vitæ-Ore becomes each year more and more manifest. As is generally known, all through life there is a slow, steady accumulation of calcareous deposits in the system, marking the transition from the soft, gelatinous condition of infancy to the hard, osseous condition of old age. These calcareous deposits naturally interfere with the functions of the vital organs, and when they become excessive and resist expulsion, so unless assisted by some outside stimulant. Vitæ-Ore, apart from its powerful disease curing, health restoring action, is just the ideal stimulant for middle-aged, elderly people, in that it enters the blood, dissolves the hard calcareous matter, and almost entirely eradicates the ossific deposits so much dreaded by old people. It enriches the blood with the necessary hematonic properties, drives all foreign matter from the circulation and prolongs vigor and activity in both men and women to a ripe old age.

Cured of Systematic Catarrh

E. B. W. Coleman, of Beecher City, Ill.,
Tells the Public of His Cure.

Every Organ Was Affected—Doctored for Three Years With No Benefit—Grew Worse From Day to Day—Better After One Week's Use of Vitæ-Ore and is Now Cured.

BEECHER CITY, ILL.—To the public in general, I wish to say that I cannot praise Vitæ-Ore enough, as I am positive that this remedy saved my life when all other medicines and doctors failed. For the last three years I have been a great sufferer from Systematic Catarrh, so badly that it affected every organ within me and every one was expecting me to die. I had given up all hopes of ever seeing the springtime come again. Though I had two of the best doctors here attending me I grew steadily worse.

I was confined to the house and to my bed during all of last winter and during the month of February gave up all hope, as did my friends and relatives. Through the generosity of Mr. Theo. Noel, I began the use of Vitæ-Ore on the 1st of March, and began to improve immediately during the first week. As soon as I got it I dismissed the doctors, as I thought I had to die anyhow, not having much faith or hope for a cure. In a week's time I was out of bed and around the house and steadily improved from day to day. The enclosed picture was taken the first of May, and two months after I began the use of V.-O.

I consider it a Godsend to poor afflicted people if they will only give it a fair trial and test its merits as I have done. Myself and young son out and put up 850 shocks of corn during the fall, besides doing lots of hard work, and I am the same man that thought the spring of the year would find me in my grave. You can proclaim with me that it is the best remedy on earth for the afflicted, and I will be glad to tell all what Vitæ-Ore has done for me.

E. B. W. COLEMAN.

Owes His Life to Vitæ-Ore

Suffered for Years With Kidney, Heart, Stomach and Rheumatic Troubles, Made a Well Man Again by Vitæ-Ore.

COVINA, CAL.—I owe to Vitæ-Ore that I am alive today. For eight years I have suffered from kidney trouble, called by different names according to the whim of the doctor treating me, and I can honestly say that I never knew a well day. I became so bloated and fat that it was burdensome to me to make any exertion and a continued pain about my heart never left me. It was impossible for me to lie on my left side and sometimes I could not lie down at all. In addition to this I was tortured with rheumatic pains and even my digestive organs were diseased, acute attacks of cramps and neuralgic pains of the stomach being so severe as to threaten death.

Four years ago I was attacked with typhoid fever and two doctors attended me. They broke the fever and treated me for other troubles, but I became weaker and weaker and every one thought me past recovery. My sister would not give up hope, but persuaded me to try Vitæ-Ore. She and my wife said if I would swallow a few doses I would find myself improved; if I did not they would cease urging me. I began taking it and the result which they predicted came about. I began to improve at once and became in the course of a few weeks a well man and have continued so ever since. I am able to do the hardest kind of manual labor. My heart never gives me any uneasiness, and my cramps, pains and fat are things of the past.

I could write as much more about the wonderful cure it effected, used as a gargle and swab in case of Virulent Diphtheria. The case was our only child and he is alive and well, while many of others died who were treated by doctors. I cannot sufficiently praise Vitæ-Ore and only wish I could reach all sufferers with a message of health and happiness.

A. T. SIGSTAD.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health or who suffers pains, ills and diseases which have defied the medical world and grown worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what ills you have, by sending to us for a package. ADDRESS

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